McKean County Miner.

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State Library [illegible]

REPUBLICANS VICTORIOUS IN COUNTY

State Declares for William H. Berry, Prohibitionist-Democrat-Etc., for State Treasurer.

J. P. DEVLIN DEFEATED W. P. WALSH

For County Commissioner on the Democratic Ticket W. I. Ovitt Was the Successful Democrat in the County Auditor Race.

The election held on Tuesday in the State and county resulted as usual in a general Republican victory. Every Republican on the State and county tickets was elected by wholesome pluralities with the exception of J. Lee Plummer, candidate for State Treasurer. He was defeated by William H. Berry, the Democratic - Prohibition - Independent-Lincoln candidate, by about 70,000 plurality and McKean county assisted in his defeat by giving Berry 1247 plurality.

Hon. John Stewart, candidate for Supreme Court Justice, was elected by the usual large Republican majority and Charles E. Rice, George B. Orlady and James A. Beaver, candidates for Superior Court Judges, were also elected by handsome pluralities.

George W. Mitchell, the Republican candidate for Sheriff, had the hardest fight of any one on the county ticket and he is elected by a plurality of about 300. Thomas J. Fennerty, his Democratic opponent, proved to be a very popular man at home and carried the city of Bradford by 575. Other nearby districts also gave him small pluralities, but outside of these Mr. Mitchell carried every district in the county.

Samuel E. Bell who will succeed himself as Prothonotary made a good run and is elected by about 1300 plurality, although he only beat his opponent, Leo J. Wise 121 in Bradford city, the home of Mr. Wise.

William H. Morrison succeeds himself as Clerk of the Courts by a large majority, carrying Bradford by 706, and the county by 2261.

Guy B Mayo, our next District Attorney, made an excellent run, carrying nearly every voting precinct in the county. His plurality is 1548.

Comrade H. M. Choate had his usual walk away for Recorder of Deeds, etc., and his plurality is 2834.

John B. Eastman was an easy winner for Register of Wills, etc., his plurality reaching 2246.

The successful candidates for County Commissioners are George Griffiths and John A. Peterson, Republicans, who are the first county commissioners of the dominent party to succeed themselves in a great many years and John P. Devlin, Democrat. This was the most interesting fight on the whole county ticket owing to the fact that the two Democratic aspirants went into an open cut-throat game against each other and the fight between them was more bitter than between any of the candidates of opposing parties. W. P. Walsh received a big vote here but Bradford took good care of Mr. Devlin and he won the victory. The pluralities over Walsh are: Griffiths 1257, Peterson 765, Devlin 418.

The successful candidates for County Auditors are Oscar Engstrom and C. W. Freeman, Republicans and W. I. Ovintt, Democrat. Their pluralities over A. R. Cory are: Engstrom 1145, Freeman 1204, Ovintt 115.

The unofficial table vote cast in this county last Tuesday appears at the bottom of this page. Dill's vote does not appear at all and some of Socialist and Socialist Labor candidates had to be cut out. The figures which appear are correct in most cases and the official count which is being made this afternoon will change these figures but little.

Bradford Man Commits Suicide.

Leland Kennedy of No. 9 High street, Bradford, shot himself in the head in a vacant lot at Schnectady, N. Y., last Friday.

According to the story told Captain Foust of the Bradford police force by the Schnectady police, a man walking along a railroad track Friday in the outskirts of the city saw the form of a man lying in a vacant lot about 50 feet from the track. The man went over to where the form lay and found the face to be covered with blood and saw a revolver in one of the man's hands. The prostrate man was dead. The discoverer of the body at once notified the police of the city and they hurried out to the scene of the tragedy. Chief Rynox found that the man had shot himself through the mouth and the bullet had passed through his brain. His finger still pressed the trigger which had let go the fatal shot. He had been dead some time when found. No cause has been assigned for the deed.

Mr. Kennedy was an organizer for the Knights of the Maccabees, and a member of Union Lodge, No. 351 Free & Accepted Masons, and Tonu Lodge of Odd Fellows. He is survived by a wife and daughter.

Peoples' Mutual Life.

State Manager H. C. Ford of the Peoples' Mutual Life and Insurance Association was a caller at this office to-day and has explained the policies of his company which prove that the company is self supporting and that it has as good a chance of continuing to pay policies as it agrees as any insurance or investment company in business to-day. A further explanation of its method of doing business will appear in our next issue.

Any old skirt won't do. See the Korset Skirt at Lindholm Co.'s.

New guns and Winchester ammunition at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

On Sunday morning at 6:15 a. m., [July 18, 1880] Alvin L., youngest son of B. F. Wright, died in the city of Rochester, aged 19 years and 9 months, of rheumatism of the heart. The deceased had never been in the most perfect health and for some years past has been considered in a delicate condition. Last winter he was sent to school at the Randolph Institute in the hope that a change might be beneficial to his health. In the spring he was taken sick and brought back to his home in this borough where he received the best of care, but to no avail. Some weeks ago Mr. Wright took his son to Rochester thinking a change of treatment might have a good effect upon him, and while there he was under the most skillful physicians in the city; but, the disease had so fastened itself upon Alvin that to shake it off was impossible, and finally in the early hours of Sabbath morning last he passed to his final rest. He was a noble, bright and amiable young man, and his parents and friends have the sympathy of all. The deceased was brought to this place on Monday and on the following day at 10 o'clock funeral services were conducted by Rev. Wilise at the house, after which the remains were followed to Rose Hill by a large number of mourning friends.

Martin.—At Clermont, Pa., July 11, 1880, Wilhelmina, wife of Adam Martin, aged 73 years, 2 months and 23 days.

The deceased was born in Germany April 18, 1807, and came to the United States in 1840. She was married at Philadelphia Jan. 16, 1841, five children being the result of this union. Three children and eight grandchildren survive her. She removed from Philadelphia to the old homestead where she died May 21, 1848, and resided there over thirty years. She was confirmed a member of the German Reform church at 18 years of age and continued in that faith until the day of her death. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. C. Wilise at the old homestead on Tuesday, the 13th, and were attended by a large number of old friends and neighbors.

We do not wish to be understood as saying that Robt. H. Rose keeps a green house, but if reports are true there has been an addition of one little Rose in his family within the past week. That Democratic convention raised the dickens generally. [Aug. 12, 1880].

Beckwith.—In Farmers Valley, Aug. 12, 1880, Henry, son of C. H. and M. E Beckwith, aged six months and nine days.

Brennan.—In Keating township, Aug. 18, 1880, Caroline, youngest daughter of John Brennan, aged seven months.

On Tuesday last (Aug 31, 1880) a large number of people were seen winding their way toward the Catholic church in this place to witness the marriage ceremony of Mr. D. H. Quinlisk and Miss Cecilia Reilly, daughter of Andrew Reilly, Esq., of Keating township. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Smith, and the occasion was one long to be remembered by those present. The congratulations of a host of friends are extended to the happy pair.

C. V. Gillis of Kane and D. F. Macnab of this place have bought the drug store for some years past owned and conducted by Thomas Callar. Both are experienced druggists and will no doubt find a bonanza in their new purchase. We hope so at least. [1880.]

We were surprised yet pleased to learn of the marriage of Mr. Edward McSweeney to Miss Alice Wilson, both of this place, at Bradford on Monday Sept. 6, 1880. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Coonan. The bride is a daughter of Mr. Clark Wilson, one of the editors of the Smethport Democrat, and is a lady highly esteemed and respected by her numerous acquaintances and friends in this community. And the same may be said of Mr. McSweeney. His genial, gentlemanly deportment while among us has won many strong and true friends. We wish the happy pair unalloyed joy for all time to come.

Ed. Schenck, the popular proprietor of the Bennett House, quietly slipped out of town a few days since, and without asking the permission of friends to cut up any "rusty" during his absence, struck a "bee line" for Blossburg, Pa., where he, with malice aforethought, married one of the finest and most respected ladies in the State, Miss Augusta Van Order by name. Although this occurrence took place on Sept. 3, 1880, Ed has not yet returned, though no fears of his having committed suicide prevail here. Ed is a royal good fellow, and his host of friends join in their congratulations and in wishing him and his all the blessings and prosperity it is possible for them to enjoy.

At the Baptist Church.

Services in the Baptist church next Sunday, morning worship at 10:45, subject, "The Life More Abundant," theme, "Who May Obtain It;" Bible school at noon; Junior C. E. at 3 p. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30, and evening worship at 7:30. Next Sunday evening the pastor commences a series of evening sermons upon the subject of "Personal Responsibility." The theme for Sunday evening will be, "The Temporal Part," and one week later "The Spiritual Part. All are invited to attend. Especial invitation to the strangers in town.

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 43 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs. Laura Taylor.

These cold nights are just the time your horse needs a stable blanket. Ask your horse then see Holmes & Gilfillan about it.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Death of J. W. Smith.

J. W. Smith, one of Christian Hollow's most respected and honored citizens and neighbors, died at Canisteo, Steuben county, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1905, with peritonitis.

The deceased was a son of John and Roxie Smith, and was aged 58 years, being born at Troopsburg, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1847. He lived there for twenty years and then came to Pennsylvania, where he was united in marriage to Miss Feeilie Evans of Norwich Aug. 31, 1877. They went to Emporium and resided there nearly twenty years. To them were born three children. In 1887 he came to Christian Hollow and purchased the Cicero Pearsal farm where he has resided ever since.

He was a hard working, prosperous farmer in spite of his many misfortunes that seem to come to him. He has tried to be a Christian and about thirty-five years ago he was baptized in the Wesleyan Advent church. The song of his heart was "Rock of Ages." He was a loving father and an accommodating neighbor.

He leaves to mourn his departure a wife, three children, a grandson, three brothers and two sisters. The children, John E. Smith of Christian Hollow, Mrs. Fred Larson of Kane and Mrs. Swan Bloomster of Wetmore; grandson, Charley Smith; brothers, Wm. Smith, Cameron, N. Y., Perry Smith, Keona, N. Y., and Arthur Smith, Woodhull, N. Y.; sisters, Mrs. Sarah Fagan, Bonthoard, Colorado, and Mrs. Helen Livingston, Winniberg City, Minn.

Rev. W. H. Minor officiated at the funeral and the remains were interred in Colegrove cemetery.

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A Bear Story.

A funny case went up to the McKean county game warden a couple of weeks ago. Some time during last year Sam Grimes caught a bear cub and he gave the youngster a good home. It grew rapidly and became a house pet and now in its second year it is as big as a good sized dog and knows twice as much. Recently the alert game warden became possessed of the information that the Grimes family had the critter in solitary confinement and thought it his duty to butt in. On his suggestion they took his bearship away back in the tall timber, shook paws with him and bade him a sad farewell. The next morning his bearship was sleeping comfortably on the stove when the family arose. He had returned during the night and gnawed the front door down and took possession. He is still eating bread and honey at the Grimes home, is growing fatter and lazier every day and it's still up to the game warden, and he may be obliged to eat him.

The above story from the Port Allegany Reporter sounds rather fishy but if it is true it is hardly probable that the man could be found guilty of a misdemeanor if he kept the bear.

Children cry for them Moloney shoes. Buy them at Lindholm's.

The Idle Rich in America.

The poor soul who has such heaps of money that he does not know what to do with himself is almost as much the sport and prey of the winds that blow as the tramp, who, though he reeks not whence his dinner may come, takes life as he finds it and makes himself merry on the highway. The idle millionaire, whether he has a title or not, must follow the fashion if he would keep in the swim, and to keep in the swim is the one objective point. For him the year is subdivided and laid out in regular parterre, like an Italian garden, and he must even fulfill his destiny as a gentleman of wealth and leisure. He is rarely happy. He buys a palace, lives in it awhile and goes away. "So awfully dreary, doncherknow." He buys a yacht, tires of it, sells it, and buys another. "Nothing like the water, doncherknow." The automobile craze caught him where he was weakest—for fast, fast, faster is the aim—and he is now scudding and scorching over the world's byways, having found a new and costly toy—a veritable Flying Dutchman, only on the land, not on the water.

In a word, fortune's favorite is never happy except when he is giving proof that he can spend more money than his rival, yet wretched when he finds how little it brings him, either of distinction or diversion.—Henry Watterson in the November Cosmopolitan.

Telephones in Place of Postal Cards.

The telephone has been carried into so many fields of human activity that we have ceased to be surprised at its extensions. In the last three or four years there has been a remarkable decrease in the use of postal cards for private or personal matters. The officials of the Postoffice Department attribute this to the widespread extension of the telephone into both suburban and rural districts. Formerly many engagements and social affairs were transacted on postal cards between persons living in the same city, but of late the telephone has captured a large percentage of the business, and such affairs as appointments, friendly chats, the ordering of groceries and provisions, dealing with mercantile firms, physicians, etc., can be so much more quickly and easily done by telephone that the postal card has suffered severely from the loss of public favor.—Electrical Review.

Administrator's Sale.

J. E. Mundy, administrator of the estate of the late John S. Coady, will offer for sale at the premises on Marvin street, Nov. 21, 1905, at 10 o'clock a. m., a large lot of personal property including a team of horses, a 2 year old colt, street sprinkler and contract, a quantity of chemical wood and various other articles. See hand bills for complete list of property to be sold.

For Sale.

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purtle, Smethport, Pa.

Those swell tams came from Lindholm's. 50c and $1.

Semi-Official Vote of McKean County, Nov. 7, 1905.

DISTRICTS.	St. Treas.			Supreme Ct.	Superior Court Judges								Sheriff			Prothonotary			Clk. of Cts.		D. Atty.		Recorder.		Register.			County Commissioners.					County Auditors.				
	Pinnaner, R-L	Berry, D-P-I-L	Ringler, S	Stewart, R-D-P-I-C	Gill, P	Kuppinger, S	Rice, R-C-P	Beaver, R-C-P	Orlady, R-C-P	Head, D-I	Castle, P	Schwartz, S	Ayres, S	Foley, S	Mitchell, R	Fennerty, D	Engstrom, P	Swedenhjelm, S	Bell, R	Wise, D	Nelly, P	Crowley, S	Morrison, R	Mitchell, P	Brewer, S	Mayo, R	Mullin, D	Choate, R	Rice, P	Ruple, S	Eastman, R	Foster, P	Bitgel, S	Griffiths, R	Peterson, R	Walsh, D	Devlin, D	Strong, P	Murray, P	Engstrom, R	Freeman, R	Ovintt, D	Cory, D	Rose, P	Megowan, P
Annin Township	51	56		84			52	53	52	35	20				52	40	20		54	38	19		52	23		50	42	51	24	1	54	22	1	52	50	27	43	25	18	52	59	30	36	25	19
Bradford City, 1st Ward, 1st Dis.	42	72	8	96	10	70	61	71	34	8	12	14	9		51	67	1	4	68	40	5	6	71	10	17	68	45	67	5	22	62	7	28	60	67	48	46	5	4	58	63	46	31	4	4
" " " " 2nd "	37	70	4	96	2	65	60	67	26	5	3	2	1		49	68	2	1	68	45	2	1	69	9	6	63	42	68	7	7	57	5	18	58	46	32	62	2	5	43	60	43	37	7	3
" " 2nd " 1st "	49	192		208	13	169	155	156	30	54	13	13	10		97	135	15	9	130	88	21	13	163	85	20	160	61	158	38	27	133	35	31	112	130	99	90	8	21	130	134	67	54	21	19
" " " " 2nd "	29	120	6	113	5	92	96	78	31	17	8	8	11		54	91	4	5	72	56	6	8	89	19	13	86	56	89	12	16	84	10	20	50	63	45	74	6	6	75	72	41	35	16	10
" " 3rd " 1st "	45	120	5	137	6	71	69	60	57	28	6	6	5		38	147	5	5	76	91	7	6	91	19	10	95	69	88	12	16	86	11	17	73	76	64	85	7	7	69	75	67	50	15	9
" " " " 2nd "	38	117	13	130	18	75	69	71	56	24	15	12	11		32	135	9	8	68	80	12	14	65	20	27	67	80	61	15	35	67	14	40	58	51	47	106	10	8	56	58	69	57	13	14
" " " " 4th "	58	249		244		168	165	183	81	81	28	22	28		97	230	31	19	166	129	45	23	201	90	38	211	105	211	54	41	190	43	67	151	160	105	158	35	41	160	158	104	95	51	41
" " " " 5th "	60	68		164		96	90	88	49	23	22	29	30		61	127	15	21	86	72	18	35	93	18	53	107	70	93	13	57	84	17	57	71	65	71	103	13	9	89	84	69	56	14	13
" " " " 6th "	60	200	6	228	11	140	132	130	70	40	10	8	7		100	154	17	5	109	106	28	10	128	44	20	151	78	130	46	23	123	46	19	98	115	83	128	29	18	110	124	83	69	37	19
Bradford Twp., 1st Dist.	16	110	7	81	10	68	74	68	15	60	12	12	9		31	74	27	6	55	26	35	10	39	67	13	69	28	68	38	14	46	58	11	57	61	24	31	28	25	56	52	26	23	14	32
" " 2nd "	22	46	6	61	7	26	40	37	15	8	7	7	8		18	56	6		34	26	6	5	35	11	11	41	24	35	10	10	20	12	14	34	30	22	33	5	6	32	33	15	17	9	8
Ceres Twp.	54	49		59		60	61	58	26	14			1		62	29	9		61	26	11		60	16		65	20	62	12		68	8		53	55	42	34	11	10	50	60	25	27	14	10
Corydon Twp., 1st Dist.	18	14		29		19			10	1					20	14			17	13			26	1		16	11	18	2		18	3		17	18	15	13	1		17	19	12	11		
" " 2nd "	8	4		12		9	8	7	3						8	4			9	3			10			8	8	9			10			9	8	7	2			11	10	2	8		
Eldred Borough	59	70	31	103	35	71	68	66	36	25	35	31	30		72	36	70	38	67	28	23	48	74	38	36	80	33	78	21	35	76	22	37	61	56	39	40	22	23	64	61	32	39	23	19
Eldred Twp.	40	44	5	74	5	56	53	52	18	9	6	6	7		48	25	15	4	54	20	8	7	53	13	7	58	26	58	9	8	57	20	8	44	42	21	27	10	9	48	48	18	20	9	8
Foster Twp., 1st Dist.	35	68		75		48	52	43	28	15	1	2			37	52	8		30	33	11		41	20	1	45	30	45	18	2	41	14	5	26	35	17	39	10	12	40	31	20	26	14	9
" " 2nd "	14	62	4	55	5	37	35	27	19	17	4	7	5		26	45	14	5	25	30	18	8	30	24	14	30	35	37	24	13	34	22	14	15	17	7	54	15	31	21	26	27	23	16	17
Hamilton Twp., 1st Dist.	59	48	2	103	2	80	78	73	6	20	1	2	1		79	6	19		76	9	19	1	76	22	4	79	8	77	19	3	77	18	3	82	80	6	3	18	17	78	76	8	6	18	18
" " 2nd "	6	14		14		12	12	11	3						14	4			11	4			10			8	3	9			11	4		11	8	3	3			9	8	4	6		
Hamlin Twp., 1st Dist.	90	33	1	110	1	98	91	83	13	8	1	2	1		101	18	7		105	13	3		102	9		104	15	106	5		101	4		89	71	33	40	7	1	94	94	21	9	5	3
" " 2nd "	35	8		38		29	28	27	1	6					26	3	10		40	1	4		32	9		35	1	36	4		36	4		41	37	3	4	5	4	39	33	1	1	4	5
" " 3rd "	31	43	3	47	3	32	41	32	10	27	4	4	3		31	15	15	3	34	6	20	3	35	21	1	37	10	37	21	3	34	22	3	36	32	14	14	13	13	24	23	11	9	21	10
Kane Borough, 1st Ward	50	63		86		70	64	56	21	22	5	4	4		78	30			73	35			78	18		76	31	82	13		81	12		106	51	27	28			61	53	26	26	13	31
" " 2nd "	61	109	4	124	1	97	89	76	29	49	1	2	3		99	39	37	4	102	31	37	5	105	46	4	100	41	100	44	5	98	45	5	113	75	32	53	35	3	88	81	26	24	40	57
" " 3rd "	46	85		96		87	85	75	30	41					84	20	26		77	19	32		79	36	1	88	23	85	32		80	34	1	84	57	27	28	31	32	66	64	19	15	27	43
" " 4th "	45	82		96	2	68	64	57	34	35	1		2		67	46	17	1	74	32	20		67	32		67	43	76	25	1	70	28	2	77	55	34	44	28	17	64	60	32	30	23	28
Keating Twp., 1st Dist.	38	62		87		51	38	31	42	15	1				59	56	13		63	51	7	2	66	17	6	70	47	73	17	3	69	17	2	50	28	53	72	6	4	49	28	90	45	5	5
" " 2nd "	42	50		62	2	50	36	37	17	16	2	1	3		64	27	12	1	63	22	3	1	58	19	4	72	19	61	20	3	59	21	1	51	48	37	32	12	9	44	41	11	75	13	9
" " 3rd "	46	46	2	80	1	64	58	58	17		14	3	2		60	33	5		57	28	5		61	14	5	59	25	61	16	2	64	13	2	50	40	39	38	5	9	47	44	24	30	9	9
Lafayette Twp., 1st Dist	25	35		56		25	28	24	29	4		1	3		28	33	3		31	28	3		33	4	2	28	31	28	5	1	32	5	1	28	23	14	37	3	3	22	25	32	30	3	3
" " 2nd "	40	35		54	8	37	26	25	21	6	3	3	3		15	48			28	32			36	9		33	27	38	8		27	21		30	17	32	24			28	30	25	22	7	6
" " 3rd "	28	11		34	2	29	28	30	5	3	2	3	1		28	8	3	1	29	9			32		4	29	8	31	3	3	29	1	6	25	25	6	10		1	31	30	4	4	1	
" " 4th "	14	3		16		15	13	13	1	1					14	4			17	3	1		17			15	3	15	2		17			15	18	3	1	1	1	14	13	3	2	1	1
Liberty Twp.	61	64	1	98	1	69	62	61	39	20	1	1	1		66	46	22	1	72	41	22	1	69	25	1	69	44	69	24	1	69	24	1	62	67	37	40	23	20	66	61	39	43	27	20
Mt. Jewett Borough	84	84	1	139	6	106	102	95	29	37	5	2	3		108	46	22	2	113	34	16	4	111	36	5	124	34	120	21	3	113	22	6	99	84	56	57	19	16	111	102	44	31	20	22
Norwich Twp., 1st Dist.	38	31	1	50		53	47	38	11	10					53	9	8		46	14	7	1	54	10	1	56	9	57	10		57	10		39	34	23	25	8	5	39	42	23	14	8	6
" " 2nd "	10	5		13		10	9	9	2						10	6			11	3			11	1		10	4	10		1	11		1	8	8	9	3			9	9	4	3		
Otto Twp., 1st Dist.	37	75	5	83	4	66	65	59	28	29	4	2	2		58	39	18	2	59	28	21	4	62	28	5	67	33	67	36	5	51	29	6	54	47	24	33	18	17	54	56	35	33	19	17
" " 2nd "	26	59		52		38	39	38	18	32	7	4	3		33	25	21		32	20	32	4	40	26		44	21	37	28		32	27		32	21	6	18	29		33	33	28	25	32	21
Port Allegany Borough	110	114		178	1	118	120	110	59	54	4	1	1		119	61	47	1	116	60	48	1	118	52	7	121	64	120	55	4	115	59	7	105	106	66	66	48	45	110	106	54	59	64	49
Sergeant Twp., 1st Dist.	34	43	1	65		50	48	42	16	9		1			33	28	19		53	19	9	1	53	9		52	20	55	8	1	55	7	1	52	51	12	29	5	6	51	48	21	13	5	12
" " 2nd "	8	13		21		11	11	9	10	1					11	9	2		11	12	9	1	13	9	1	13	9	11	1		9	1		14	10	9	10	1		11	9	10	9	1	2
Smethport Borough	183	146	6	281	6	241	217	218	52	37	6	5	6		262	73	33	4	259	70	16	6	298	80	12	295	55	284	34	11	296	26	8	197	121	202	110	18	12	177	186	136	118	22	16
Westmore Twp.	84	42		48	2	40	41	40	8	25	1	2	2		40	9	26	4	40	10	24	2	39	29	1	46	12	45	24	1	45	22	1	45	42	11	9	24	17	48	37	8	10	19	27
Totals	2002	3249	123	4158	156	3088	2887	2696	1167	926	230	221	210		2667	2277	556	154	2935	1479	633	226	3090	849	269	3161	1529	3210	896	377	3065	819	483	2875	2383	1618	2036	588	504	2558	2617	1528	1413	712	684
Pluralities		1247		2962		1871	1790	1589							390				1456				2261			1632		2384			2346			1257	765		418			1145	1204	115			

A Treasure From *the* South Seas

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1904, by Charles W. Hooke

"MR TERRY would like to see you, sir," said the office boy and then perceiving that the name conveyed no meaning to his chief he added: "Tinker Terry, that's what he says. Tell Mr. Austin it's the Tinker."

Austin blinked at the boy with the irritation of one who is waking from a dream and in fact he had been recalled from thoughts more pleasant to profits than dreams.

"Tinker Terry is dead," said he slowly. "He was drowned two years ago in April in the middle of the Pacific ocean."

"He don't look it, sir," responded the boy with a timid grin.

"Send him in," said Austin.

Presently there appeared at the door of the private office a man who had indeed been drowned. Fathoms deep had he gone down amid the whirlpools of this world and the engulfing billows had sung in his ears.

He was short of stature and of a starved leanness his worn, shiny black clothes hung in folds and drooped as if they were wet, a weather beaten hat was in his hand, and the hair of his head was slick on top like a swimmer's falling over his ears in streaks of black and gray though the man was under thirty.

He closed the door hastily behind him and without waiting for a welcome drew a chair up to Austin's desk and began to pour forth a wild, odyssey of the south seas. He had a fiery gift of narrative style and Austin's mind, fond of what he called hard luck stories, relished in the inside of one minute. His interest took hold upon the tale he followed it with eagerness even with envy for there lurked in him a great unsatisfied appetite for adventure.

But what was the object of all this? he demanded when Terry paused. What the deuce were you after out there? Why were you so anxious to reach this island of—what do you call it?

"Hicheon," said Terry. "That's its name. And now I'll show you what I was after."

He drew from his pocket a little metal box which had once contained wax matches, but was now full of irregular fragments of a yellowish white substance like the inside of something.

"It is my treasure," said he. "I risked fifty deaths to get it, and by jingo I succeeded. There's a ton of it stored in San Francisco in my name."

"What?" gasped Austin.

"Oh, I can get as much more as we need," said Terry. "I've made all the arrangements."

"But what's it for? What can you do with it?"

Terry nervously selected a bit of the root and put it into his mouth and

THIS IS MY TREASURE

threw out the subsequent conversation he chewed it as if it were his soul's sustenance. But he did not delay to answer Austin's question. Between them on the half of the desk he laid a book which had once been a handsome product of the printer's art but was now battered and foul and shunned with many wettings. Austin recognized it for a volume of south sea sketches by an author so illustrious that his name must be suppressed in this story. Terry opened the book at a place where a leaf was folded and pointed to a passage that ran as follows:

It is not in the nature of this world's governance that an isle should be so blessed as Hakonui above all its fellows and not as an appropriate curse to balance the account. This little land of plenty in the barren sea is no safe residence for strangers. It is the ancestral home and present headquarters of the plague of rheumatism, and though you shall have found yourself immune in every other corner of the earth, here the invisible rack of torture waits for you and within one week you shall be stretched upon it howling. The natives indeed protect themselves by the use of a simple root which grows in vast abundance somewhere in the interior. Its secret is preserved from visitors and from resident whites as well. These must buy from the chief, whose charge is moderate, considering the possibilities of extortion which lie in such a monopoly. As for the virtues of the remedy I can testify from personal experience. An hour suffices for the cure, and a handful of the root will guarantee immunity from pain for many weeks. The native name it knows is a coined word replacing an older name now out of use."

Terry had been following Austin's eyes from line to line of the paragraph and at the precise moment when the end was reached he cried:

"What do you think of that? Did you ever hear of such an indorsement? How has this jewel lain so long buried? Man, do you realize the worth of it?"

Austin closed the book and for some seconds contemplated the author's name half effaced upon the cover.

"I love this man like a brother," said he, "yet he was no physician."

"Physician be hanged!" exclaimed Terry impatiently. "I'd rather have the patient's word than the doctor's any day. He says he was cured. That's what the public wants to know."

"Do you mean to say that you're going to try to put this stuff on the market?"

"Am I reformed, Terry, or am I out of unlimited shekels at last?" he cried. "Man, do you think I like to be poor? Is this my task in the matter of attire? Ha, ha! And besides," he added with a change of tone, pathetic and dismal, "besides I am in love."

Austin drew a deep breath and seemed about to say something serious. Then he checked the utterance and began to laugh silently and with increasing enjoyment. Terry sat down but was too nervous to sit still.

"What's the joke?" he demanded when he could restrain himself no longer.

"I'm in love, too," responded Austin. "And her father has the rheumatism. Marvelous coincidence!"

Terry's eyes blazed.

"You give him some of this," said he. "If the man has any gratitude—"

"It's not a question of gratitude," interrupted Austin. "It's a matter of property. My peculiar situation does not warrant me in falling in love with a young lady who has been favored with all the advantages of wealth. I am poor, I suppose, but I'm skilled in this form of industrious business. But the fact is that I'm only the hired manager of a very correct and limited version of my own methods. That's the end of it."

"I'll give you 50 per cent," said Terry with directness and you'll have a fortune within two years."

He supported this assertion with the most convincing arguments Austin was able to muster. He would not ask his share in the venture, he would be content to exploit it with that remedy in the case of Mr. Harland whom he declared to be a fine fellow. This latter remark Terry seemed to take for granted, and he said it was what's left of Austin to deprive a sufferer of his only earthly hope.

"Just tell me who he is and give me his address," pleaded Terry, "and I'll mail a box to him."

"Not for gold and precious stones," said Austin. "And if this Terry should try to leave the island before I've eliminated from my system all the poison of that root, I'll have him shot."

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HE CAUGHT TERRY BY THE SHOULDERS

tell him the facts and reject this scheme he will think I am a donkey. Can I risk that?

Third.—Mr. Harland has looked into this game and he believes that it will win. His opinion is worth two or mine. To go into this with him and prove my ability under his eyes and drive this enterprise to success is the short cut to heaven on earth for me. Shall I ever have such another chance?

No one will be in doubt about the decision which Austin arrived from the facts of the case as stated under those three headings. Within a week the partnership was formed, the money banked, the game begun. Within a month there were indications of success. Persistent advertising matter had begun to appear and to excite pleasant interest. Within a year a flourishing business had been built up. And one evening in his bachelor quarters Austin announced his engagement and accepted the cordial congratulations of his friend Terry, now changed almost beyond recognition and clothed to the edge of fashion.

"I tell you, my son," said Terry, "there's no limit to a brave man's hopes in this big world. All desperation—there's the only motto. And if any man has a right to hear it I have. You've never realized what I went through. Two years—two years by jingo—I struggled to reach that cursed island and never saw it. No sir, I was never within 500 miles of it."

"Never?"

"Certainly not. At the end of all that cruising I landed in San Francisco with only a sailor's wages in my pocket and my hopes no better than they had been at the start. What did I do? Despair? Not much! I could not get this confounded Hakonui. Very well, I said, I'll give it up. I would not be beaten. I made the stuff."

"What?"

"Yes, sir. I stuck to my last years ago, the best I ever had, the one I'd begun experimenting with before I left Hawaii. I perfected it. Old Hawaiian remedy, the best thing that ever was. I experimented with a kind of sarsaparilla and discovered that a little stock of it thus treated, mixed with pulverized pepper and a couple of ounces of Peruvian bark, worked better than all the sarsaparilla in the world. By jingo, it kept me in funds, sir!"

Austin rose across the room and caught Terry by the shoulder with a grip that broke his bones.

"Do you mean to tell me that I have bunked with the public and Douglass Harland?"

"Bunked?" cried Terry. "Why man, you're quite welcome. I took from just to test how well I found of a single case where our remedy has failed? No sir, we haven't."

"But Mr. Harland? How can I tell him? I have betrayed him. I have stolen his daughter!"

"My dear fellow, Mr. Harland knows all about it. He's known from the start. I had to tell him or he wouldn't come in. If you've got to depend upon a criminal chief for these goods," said he, "in our first interview you'll get struck. Your supply is beyond your control. It's a fatal weakness. Then I told him the truth. 'That's all right,' said he, 'but don't mention it to Austin. He's got one of those New England consciences. They don't prevent men from going into games like this, but they make them uncomfortable. He'll do better work if he doesn't know.' So I've kept mum."

He drew himself up to his full height of five feet four inches and tapped himself proudly upon the bosom of his immaculate dress shirt. Austin sank into a chair, covered his face with his hands and laughed.

A Use for the Tires

An automobilist traveling through Castille in Spain came out of an inn one day to find his automobile surrounded by the population of the whole village, who were gazing at it with much interest and examining the back wheels out of which large lumps had just been cut. The damage had been caused by the mother of a large family, who artlessly confessed that, seeing so much rubber on the wheels, she had cut a few pieces out to make toys for her children.

What He Seems

"Who is that youngster?" asked the visitor to the sanctum.

"That," replied the editor, "is just the new office boy."

"Oh, his face seemed familiar"—

"Perhaps it is, but his manner is more so."—Philadelphia Press.

Too Methodical

Hicks—My wife is very methodical. She's always got a place for every thing and everything in its place. Wicks—So has mine, but I can never find the place.

DOWN IN A SALT MINE

ONE OF THE WEIRDEST SIGHTS TO BE FOUND IN THE WORLD

An Atmosphere That Exhilarates and Then Parches—Workings in Roumania That Date Back to the Time of the Old Roman Empire

There are four salt mines in Roumania, two quite close to one another, at Slanic and Doftana. One of the mines at Slanic dates back to the time of the Romans, whose methods were not so scientific as those of their modern successors. They made bottle shaped excavations quite close to one another with the result that the wedge of earth between bottles constantly threatened to subside.

Modern methods are of a very much danger. Instead of burrowing down again into a new mine you cut horizontal galleries into the face, huge pillars of salt are left standing to support the earth and fresh caverns are tackled. And I was without any extra amount of labor, it is possible to extend the mine almost indefinitely, and the pillars serve to confirm the ecclesiastical effect of the great subterranean basilica.

I saw the old Roman mine from one of the upper galleries which was reached by stumpy, almost endless tunnels illuminated with gay Chinese lanterns. A little verdure alone was needed to complete the illusions of the gardens of Aladdin. The impression afforded by the view from this gallery were so unique and so marvelous that I hesitate to attempt to describe them.

Some minutes were necessary to grow accustomed to the twilight. A few bricks containing shavings soaked in petroleum were flaring up in a feverish manner and as I looked over into the darkness of the abyss I was reminded of Doré's version of Dante looking into the uttermost depths of hades.

What struck me most was the insecurity of my position. There was of course no danger whatever, and the ledge on which I stood was fairly broad. But it possessed no parapet and in order to look down it was necessary to come very near to the brink. What added not to the sense of insecurity was a kind of flat circular platform which projected over the abyss.

I do not know whether it dated back to the days of the Romans, but at any rate it was almost prehistoric in appearance. I did not need the advice of my companions to discourage any attempt at walking the plank along this road to destruction, but I have seen few places capable of affording more temptation to those with suicidal inclinations.

Suddenly a signal was given and enormous flambeaux were cast down from the roof of the mine. Several long seconds elapsed before they fizzled out in the pool of salt water hundreds of feet below. The effect was extraordinary. First the great walls were illuminated as the huge molten mass blazed just there, then they were overcast with leaping, ghostly shadows and at last plunged once more into a darkness which was only emphasized by the dull ruby lights above.

Perhaps the prettiest object in this old mine was a common tub which had been placed some years ago upon the ledge to receive the drippings of salt water. I tasted this water and found it so salty that it almost bit and solidified my tongue. As the drops fell the greater part of them immediately crystallized with incredible rapidity.

The original tub was no longer to be seen. It had been covered up entirely with glistening incrustations which gave it the appearance of a huge snow fountain adorned with the most exquisitely artistic designs. It was now about six feet high and several feet in thickness while a piece of string which had been suspended above it had now become a rope of molten pearls.

Returning along the tunnel we passed a little trapdoor about two feet square. This was pulled up and I was privileged to look down into the new mine and beheld one of the most remarkable sights to be found in the world. Hundreds of feet below upon a rugged field of dazzling whiteness suggestive of the ice park in the arctic regions beside of men each apparently as large as a cheese mite moved about feverishly like the occupants of an ant heap. Here and there points of electric light shone like suspended stars. The general impression was that of a nest of insects viewed through a Brobdingnagian magnifying glass.

A hushed, tinkling noise came up from the depths like fairy music. I thought I should never tire of watching the graceful movements of these minute human insects. I almost began to fancy that they must belong to another planet and such was the extraordinary fascination exercised by this marvel of sight that I found it a painful wrench to tear myself away. I could have remained crouching over this peephole for hours and I felt quite annoyed with the director of the mine when he patiently reminded me that I still had much to see before the departure of my train.

So we returned along the galleries and entered one of the powerful lifts which are employed to bring up trucks of salt from the bottom of the mine. The director assured me with a smile that I need not have any alarm about the capacity of the lift as it was constructed to carry over twenty five hundredweight.

Indeed we ascended down at a snail's pace and had an opportunity of studying the strange natural frescoes on the walls. They were merely geological formations of course but they assumed the shapes here of wild sea serpents there of beautiful decorative patterns and every now and then of impossible heraldic animals. Dadoes on dadoes, I mentally summed them up.

We stepped out on to the floor of a titanic cathedral, a vast basilica, where armies might have knelt in prayer and where people who knew no other world might easily imagine that this was the universe. Even the great, strong electric globes could only create a dim religious light in this huge edifice.

The lofty walls were marked with curly stripes of sparkling gray and white, rounding up and down like the waves of a tempestuous sea. Along the various levels and at the side tramways were laid out upon a kind of embankment of salt. Here trucks were waiting to be filled by the miners who came up fields and clambering gangways bearing loads from the salt trenches below.

The atmosphere was utterly unlike any I had ever breathed elsewhere. It was very dry, very pungent, highly exhilarating like some mineral water turned into a gas. There was a pleasure in quaffing it with deep breaths but presently as you licked your lips you tasted salt, you smelt salt, you felt yourself impregnated with salt. It was almost possible to understand the sensations of Lot's wife. The prevailing desire was an inordinate craving for the immediate consumption of beverages by the Lucullan Dutch.—Herbert William Stuart Magazine.

THE ORGAN

Its Highest Evolution in the Form of Composition Known as the Fugue

The organ as it existed in Bach's day and as in most essentials it exists now is an instrument peculiarly suggestive to and for the realization of the finest and most complete effects of harmony of modulation and that of simultaneous progression of melodies in polyphonic combination which is most completely illustrated in the form of composition known as the fugue. It is so for two or three reasons. In the first place it is the only instrument to which the sounds are sustained with the same intensity for any required length of time after they are first emitted. However long a note may have to be sustained its full value is there till the musician the longer puts the key in quickly which is my habit when we are dealing with long suspensions and chains of sound, accords the opportunity of playing the bass with the left on the pedal leaving the left hand free for the other parts, plays with single fingers if a single player a full and extended fugue, and in the choir organ, which is my first instrument, it is quite a matter of course. I have had several of the pedal pipes moved over to the side, that I might accommodate such as I have in hand for playing music written in the time of Bach, this stop I effected without moving it from the position it occupies in the organs of Germany.

The English organ of the day had in general no pedal, and it is probably owing to this fact more than to anything else that Handel's pedal school organ music is so light and even elementary in style as compared with Bach's that in treating the subject Spitta truly observes merely that a larger and more powerful harpsichord. Without the aid of the pedal it would be rather difficult to do otherwise and the English organ of the day was in every respect a much lighter and thinner affair than the huge house of the sounds the thunder of which was stored in the organ galleries of many a Lutheran church.—London Standard.

THE CHUKCHEES

They Live in Siberia and Have a Mania for Suicide

A Russian correspondent was talking about Siberia.

In that strange land he said the strangest thing is the suicidal tendency of the Chukchees. Among the Chukchees actually suicide is one of the most common forms of death.

The Chukchees live in northeastern Siberia. They are small and copper colored. They dress in skins and ride reindeer. Tallow and raw kidney are their chief delicacies. In every Chukchee house hangs a death coat.

"A Chukchee doesn't kill himself by his own hand. He appoints his nearest relatives—his wife, son or daughter—to do the deed. And the delegate never rebels, never declines this sad and horrible task.

Innumerable are the causes of suicide—jealousy, unrequited love, incurable disease, melancholy, poverty and so on.

"I knew a man who was prosperous and apparently happy. Suddenly a desire for death seized him. In three moons, he said, I will go home to my fathers. And he calmly settled his affairs and at the appointed time bade his wife to knot a cord about his throat and his two sons to pull upon the cord till he should be strangled. He died, they told me, joking.

The death cord which hangs in every Chukchee house has a hood. It is for use in suicide. The hood hides the facial contortions of the dying.

"There are Chukchee families where in suicide is hereditary, wherein it is a point of honor for the sons to kill themselves a natural death, being regarded in such families as disgraceful and scandalous a sign of the most unpardonable cowardice.

"The Chukchees, despite their suicidal tendency, are a happy and healthy people, moral, truthful, brave and temperate."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

You can't spend any time hating people if you want to go forward.

After a man has worked hard to get a thing he has to fight hard to keep it.

No one loves a crying baby, and the same is true of people who are grown up.

While your friends promise you big things the "if" they put in the promise is bigger.

All your troubles are exaggerated, including the uneasiness that conscience causes.

When friends urge you to come and see them "any time" it requires some figuring to find out just when that time is.

Decisions after mature reflections are so often wrong that greater respect should be paid the decisions of a penny coming down heads or tails.—Atchison Globe.

It is a pity that opportunity does so much traveling incog.—Puck.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to Take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome In Every Home.

KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a tonic, a laxative, and a diuretic. It gives satisfaction in all cases of impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, cases Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women.

It is not recommended in cases where all other medicines have failed. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for over 30 years, and has won hosts of warm friends.

Are you suffering from any disease or trouble? Write to the doctor at once. If so, Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will do you good.

Send for a free trial bottle. Write at once. Don't delay, as this offer may not appear again. Write also for free book. If you have kidney trouble, address Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y.

REMEMBER, the full name is Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and the price $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.00, all druggists in the United States, Canada and foreign countries.

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A display of French Pattern Hats designed by Collar Virot, Lichtenstein.

Also pretty designs from Redfern, Carolyn, Reboudt, Emma Faulkner and others.

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Fresh, Salt or Smoked **MEAT**

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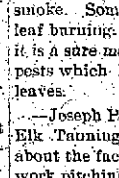
"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, opium or other harmful drugs; neither does it contain sugar or syrup, which are injurious to some stomachs. Without any of these it retains its pleasant taste and marvelous healing qualities in the most trying climate. Don't let a selfish medicine seller cheat you out of your health by giving you a substitute. He's only looking out for a larger profit, not for your good. Shun him. Honest, unselfish dealers recommend the "Golden Medical Discovery."

"That your remedies are not for the few, but for the many is evident, for I personally know of many scores of persons in this city, who have been restored to health and strength by your medicines," thus writes Henry Landsheft, Esq., Alderman in 17th Ward, Buffalo, N. Y., of 1804 Jefferson Street. "I know that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is most valuable in cases of derangement of the liver, having taken the medicine some two years ago when I had a bad attack of liver trouble, and I never used a medicine before that did me so much good. I have known Dr. Pierce for twenty-six years, and do not wonder at his success, for he is a physician and man of sterling qualities, is possessed of extraordinary skill, and he has in his Sanitarium a corps of specialists who are chosen because of their unusual knowledge and professional skill."

If suffering from any obstinate, lingering ailment, write to Dr. Pierce and get, free of charge, sound medical advice. He has the counsel and assistance of a large staff of expert specialists.



The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., Paper-bound FREE on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps for mailing only; or cloth-bound for 31 cents. Address the Author, as above.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 9, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Coudersport has a broom factory.

—Ladies will be interested in Mrs. Hinman's millinery advertisement.

—Westbrook Academy cannot meet the demand for young men stenographers and accountants.

—Edward Irons of Rixford and Miss Mildred Sheldon of Ormsby were united in marriage at Olean last Thursday.

—The advertisement of Fry & Comes is interesting to men this week. They quote attractive prices on gents' furnishings.

—Mrs. A. A. Abbey and Mrs. T. W. Sweeney entertained a number of ladies at cards last evening at the home of Mrs. Abbey on Bank street.

—The window glass factory at Coudersport has been enlarged from 25 to 42 blower capacity. About $50,000 has been expended in the re-building of the factory and erecting houses.

—A dog belonging to S. C. Baker of Sweden, Potter county, gave birth to a pup a few days ago which was double excepting the head. The freak had eight feet, some of them pointing upward instead of downward. The animal lived only a short time.

—Elbert Hubbard, famous for his "one minute discourses," which often contain more meat than a whole book, has another miniature essay in the November Cosmopolitan. This time he writes on "How to Keep Well," than which no more important topic could be discussed.

—The body of John M. Confer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Confer of Bradford, will be brought to that city for burial. The young man died in the Philippine Islands, where he was serving in the 9th Artillery. Through the efforts of Congressman Dresser it was arranged that the remains should be brought home.

—The M. E. chapel was the scene of a very pleasant occasion last Friday night when, despite the extremely bad weather, about sixty members and friends gathered to welcome the new pastor, Rev. W. A. Harris, and wife. After an evening passed in forming acquaintances, during which a pleasing musical program was rendered and refreshments served, all returned to their homes feeling amply repaid for venturing out that stormy evening.

—An exchange says: When you burn your leaves do not rake them in one large heap. If they are placed in windrows and thoroughly dry, they will burn quickly and without offensive smoke. Some people put up a kick over leaf burning. It is a necessary evil and it is a sure method of destroying insect pests which have made homes on the leaves.

—Joseph Pulaski, an employe of the Elk Tanning Co., was badly burned about the face and shoulders while at work pitching the tanbark from a leach last night. A plug which stops the flow of liquor was blown out, allowing the hot liquor to strike him. Fortunately the man was on the opposite side of the pit and did not get full force of the liquor.—Port Allegany Argus.

—When any man, town man or farmer, is entitled to credit it should be given him cheerfully. The men who gain distinction are the men who blaze the trail in the world's progress. Every noted man has done more for the world than a thousand of his critics. The loafer who stands on the street and picks at a busy man who is really trying to accomplish results, should attract a blow from a good stout hickory club, but he usually arrives applause.

Dueling Pistols.

The pistol used in the duel is not the military arm or the revolver, but a very carefully made and wonderfully accurate weapon known as the dueling pistol. For many years the length of this arm was a matter of grave discussion at all the clubs in England and on the continent. At first the dueling pistol had a twelve inch barrel and carried twenty round bullets to the pound, but in 1810 the elder Devisure, with his confrere, Lepage, at Paris, and Manton and Egg of London, the most eminent pistol makers of their respective countries, fixed the actual length of the dueling pistol barrel at nine inches, and there it has remained. A case of the best pistols used to bring from 500 to 750 francs, or $100 to $150.

The Fox and the Rook.

A writer in Land and Water, an English publication, says: "Few would consider the fox an enemy of the rook and yet he is an inveterate foe whenever he gets a chance. It is doubtful if he would stick a tooth into a tough old rook if opportunity permitted it, but a young rook is a delicacy reynard much appreciates and which he often enjoys. If a rookery and a litter of cubs exist in the vicinity of each other, the vixen belonging to the latter spends most of her time during a rough night beneath the trees and busily carries the blown out nestling to her youngsters."

An Anecdote of General Scott.

After his retirement General Scott passed the summer of 1852 at Cozzens' hotel, West Point, where every evening a party of gentlemen adjourned to the general's sitting room for their game. Being a good player, the host was usually victorious, but if he and his partner were ever beaten Scott's ire was made manifest. One night it happened that the usual party was missing. What was to be done? The general must have his whist. There happened to be staying at the hotel a judge, who was asked to do the favor of taking the fourth hand. With some protest on his part he agreed to do it. By cutting for partners the general and the judge played together and were beaten—horribly beaten. Knowing how it irritated the general to lose the game, the judge as he rose from the table said in his most dignified and courtly way: "I formerly played a fairly good game of whist, but have been out of practice so long that I am somewhat rusty. I hope that fact may be taken as an excuse for my mistakes." Whereupon the general arose with equal dignity and retorted, "I am glad to learn that I have been playing with infant talent and not with a natural born fool!"

Mendelssohn's Contempt For Liszt.

"You know," said Liszt on one occasion, "that Mendelssohn, who was the most jealous musician that ever lived, always had a dislike for me, and on one occasion, at a soiree at Dr. K.'s he drew a picture of the devil on a blackboard playing his G minor concerto with five hammers in lieu of fingers on each hand. The truth of the matter is that I once played his concerto in G minor from the manuscript, and as I found several of the passages rather simple and not broad enough, if I may use the term, I changed them to suit my own ideas. This, of course, annoyed Mendelssohn, who, unlike Schumann or Chopin, would never take a hint or advice from any one. Moreover, Mendelssohn, who, although a refined pianist, was not a virtuoso, never could play my compositions with any kind of effect, his technical skill being inadequate to the execution of intricate passages. So the only course open to him, he thought, was to vilify me as a musician. And, of course, whatever Mendelssohn did Leipsic did also."—Etude.

When Marco Polo Was Alarmed.

Regarding the use of bamboo as fuel the following quaint lines from the book of Messer [illegible], the Venetian, form an interesting example of travelers' tales in days gone by when travelers were so few that there was little fear of their meeting with contradiction. He says: "The people cut the green canes, of which there are vast numbers, and set fire to a heap of them at once. After they have been awhile burning they burst asunder, and this makes such a loud report that you might hear it ten miles off. In fact any one unused to this noise who should hear it unexpectedly might easily go into a swoon or die of fright. But those who are used to it care nothing about it; hence those who are unused to it stuff their ears well with cotton and wrap up their heads and faces with all the clothes they can muster, and so they get along until they have become used to the sound. I tell you the truth, however, when I say that the first time you hear it nothing can be more alarming."

Easy Housekeeping.

Native housewives in the West Indian jungle find housekeeping very easy. Fruit and vegetables grow wild all about the hut, and the river abounds with fish. On washday all she has to do is to pick a few of the berries of the soap berry tree, take her clothes to the river and use the berries as she would use ordinary soap. Even her cooking pots grow on the trees, the calabash nut in halves being used for this purpose. Calabashes are also used for bowls, basins and jugs for carrying water from the river, while the small ones make excellent cups. In the afternoon when she is ready for her cup of tea she picks half a dozen leaves from the lime bush growing at her door, boils them, squeezes the juice from a sugar cane for sweetening, and the cocoanut supplies the milk. Thus she has a delicious cup of tea without depending on the grocer for it.

Two Apologies.

Colonel L. B. Pease, who was for a long period editor and publisher of the Woonsocket Reporter, was responsible for many quaint sayings and delicious bonmots. Upon one occasion he tended a crowded reception in Harmony hall and, staying quite late, was surprised to find his hat had been taken and a very poor substitute left in stead. The following night he called the attention of his readers to the fact in the following manner: "The gentleman who inadvertently took our new silk tile and left a very inferior article in its place will do us infinite kindness by returning ours. He will receive our warmest thanks and two apologies—an apology for the trouble we have given him and the apology for a hat he has left us."

Coughing Saves Your Life.

A cough is the response to a danger signal which says that something is irritating the delicate mucous membrane which lines the air passages leading to the lungs. This cause of irritation may vary, but in the common cough of winter it is some offending matter, which nature seeks to clear off and expel by means of the compelling cough test, it should block the bronchial tubes and cause suffocation. The sensitive nerves that belong to these vital tubes act as sentinels and send a message for succor to the brain, which at once responds to the call by dispatching orders to the chest muscles. These then contract violently with one accord and force out the air in a cough, which carries with it the cause of irritation.

He Surrendered.

She—If you could have one wish, what would it be? He—It would be that—that—oh, if I only dared to tell you what it would be! She—Well, go on. Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?"

Secret Drinking Devices.

The sanitarium was for women only—women dipsomaniacs—a luxurious place. The rate was $125 a week.

"This," said the superintendent, "is our museum. Odd, grotesque, eh?" The museum was a collection of instruments for secret drinking that had been taken from female dipsomaniacs. There was a carriage clock with a false back that would hold a half pint of whisky; there was a muff with a round flask of india rubber in its hollow inside; a mouthpiece like that on a baby's bottle was hidden under a rosette. The owner of the muff would press it to her face, a very natural and common movement, and at the same time take a stiff drink. There were a dozen sorts of bonbons, candles of all shapes and hues, each containing two or three fingers of brandy. A fan—it would not open—had room for a half pint in it. A number of purses were nothing but whisky flasks covered with beadwork or leather or silver or gold. There was even a prayer book with a flask inside.—New York Press.

Should Not Cage Parrots.

"Nature never intended that parrots should be confined in cages," said a bird fancier. "They get gouty feet, become irritable, are liable to fits and convulsions, lose their feathers and pick themselves till they are a mass of mutilated deformity. Confinement and improper diet are the causes of all this. If a parrot gets an irritation of the skin and draws blood while picking himself he will keep on till he is a horrid spectacle. Once tasted, a thirst for blood has been created and will never cease.

"I made a trip to Guiana once, and when I saw the happiness of the birds in a state of freedom I declare my conscience smote me. I saw thousands of them, from the lovely little grass parrakeet to the king parrot, and nothing can exceed their grace and delightful expression in the open country."—Milwaukee Free Press.

Old Time Football.

Football has never been a very gentle game, to judge from what Master Stubbes says about it in his "Anatomie of Abuses," published in 1583: "For, as concerning football playing, I protest unto you it may rather be called a friendly kinde of fight than a play or recreation, a bloody and murthering practice than a sport or pastime, for doth not every one lye in waight for his adversarie, seeking to overthrow him and to picke him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, so that by this meanes sometimes their necks are broken, sometimes their backs, sometimes their legs, sometimes their armes, sometimes one part thrust out of joynt, sometimes another, sometimes the noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out."

Bears One Crop and Dies.

The sago palm tree bears but one crop of fruit. Its load of nuts is its first and final effort in the way of fruit bearing. The nuts become ripe and are strewn in thousands around the tree until the great stem stands up by itself, empty and bare. The branches turn brown and drop one by one to the ground. Inside the trunk the work of decay is going on until what at one time was a mass of white sago and pith becomes nothing but a collection of rotten brown fibers. One day the trade wind blows more strongly than usual, and the leafless column of the trunk falls with a crash, destroying in its fall many of the young palms that are already springing from the nuts scattered some months before.

The Sibylline Books.

It is recorded of Tarquin the Proud, seventh emperor of Rome, that an old woman came to him with nine books, which contained, she said, sacred oracles. She asked an enormous price for them, and when the emperor refused she flew into a rage, threw three of the books into the fire and still asked the same price for the remainder. The emperor again refused, and she thereupon threw three more into the fire and still asked the same price for the three remaining. This so astonished the emperor that he bought the three at the price for which in the first instance he might have had the nine. These were the Sibylline books, and their contents were long looked upon by the Romans as divine oracles.

Ants as Biters.

Ants are terrible fighters. They have very powerful jaws, considering the size of their bodies, and therefore their method is by biting. They will bite one another and hold on with a wonderful grip of the jaws, even after all of their legs have been bitten off by other ants. Sometimes six or eight ants will be clinging with a death hold to one another, making a peculiar spectacle, some with a leg gone and some with half the body gone. One singular fact is that the grip of an ant's jaw is retained even after the body has been bitten off and nothing but the head remains.

A Curious Will.

By the terms of the will of one Dr. Wilde of St. Ives parish, Huntingdonshire, England, his trustees were directed to spend £50 in the purchase of a piece of land in St. Ives, the annual rent of which was to be set aside for the purchase of six Bibles at a cost of 7 shillings each. To decide who shall have them he requested his trustees to "prepare a saucer with three dice upon the altar table of the parish church and let the Bibles be raffled for."

The Wrong Man.

Fair Visitor—Here, my poor man, are some roses for you. What can I do to make you comfortable? Prisoner—Guess you're makin' a mistake, lady. Fair Visitor—Mistake? How? Prisoner—I'm only here fer porch climbin'. Yer'll find the guy that killed his wife in th' next cell.—Cleveland Leader.

Thoughtfulness.

She—Now wasn't it thoughtful of me to go out early and gather those flowers for the breakfast table? He (kissing her)—Fine! Where's the coffee? She—Oh, but I can't think of everything, darling, can I?—Life.

GOOD for OLD and YOUNG

August Flower keeps the children healthy and strong—
Full of vigor and frolic the whole day long.
So when Mamma needs more they rush off in high glee,
And shout to the druggist: "Please give it to me!"

¶Inability to get up brisk and fresh in the morning, lack of appetite, pallor, muddy complexion and poor spirits—these all indicate a disordered stomach and bad digestion—in adults and children, too. They also indicate the urgent need of taking Green's August Flower regularly for a few days.

¶It's a reliable old remedy for all stomach troubles, never fails to cure indigestion, dyspepsia and chronic constipation, and is a natural tonic for body and mind.

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

Comparison Proves OUR CLOTHING BEST.

COMPARE OUR $10.00 SUIT OR OVERCOATS with what's sold elsewhere at $12.50.

COMPARE OUR $12.50 SUITS OR OVERCOATS with what's sold elsewhere at $15.00.

COMPARE OUR $15.00 SUITS OR OVERCOATS with what's sold elsewhere at $20.00.

COMPARISON will prove that our Clothing is made as well as Clothing can be made—is thoroughly stylish—fits well—wears splendidly and costs 15 to 20% less than other clothing

WM. MONHEIMER.

SMETHPORT.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS

SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS

JEWELRY

CUT GLASS

HAND PAINTED CHINA

STATIONERY

PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county.—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

Nothing tends to produce harmony at the Family board in such large chunks as

Buckwheat Pancakes

and

Maple Syrup

Fresh ground Buckwheat in 5 and 10 lb. sacks, 35c.

Maple Syrup in quart bottles and gallon cans

We take pride, not alone in keeping the quality up to the highest standard, but also in giving your orders prompt attention. On this basis let us serve you.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Amazing Values in Millinery and Ready-to-Wear Garments.

We are showing a splendid assortment of the newest shades, including small French effects, large dress styles, plain fitted velvet hats and other models; all colors.

For beauty carefulness of construction and becomingness our millinery is famous.

Ladies' and Childrens' Coats. Whether you seek a coat of distinguished character and exceptional beauty, or a coat for hard every day service—ours is the stock to select from, offering the most exclusive styles and the best values to profit by.

The garments speak for themselves better than words in praise of them.

A new lot of furs just arrived.

We are headquarters for all kinds of ladies' wearing apparel.

Your inspection is solicited.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN'S

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Clean County Times.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 9, 1905.

AND wasn't it a surprise to you in several different ways?

THE Philadelphia Gang was completely routed on Tuesday.

CONGRATULATIONS to you, successful candidates. Condolence to others.

SMETHPORT gave its usual wholesome majority to the Republican candidates.

IN Ohio John M. Pattison, Democrat, has been elected Governor by approximately 40,000.

THE Democrats elected a full ticket in Buffalo on Tuesday with J. N. Adam the new mayor with nearly 10,000 plurality.

EVERY candidate of the Union Labor party in San Francisco was elected by a substantial majority; in Salt Lake City the anti-Mormon victory is made complete by the election of the entire American party city ticket.

THE Kentucky legislature, which will elect a successor to Senator Blackburn, apparently will include 81 Democrats, 5 Republicans and 2 doubtful in the senate, and 79 Democrats, 14 Republicans and 17 doubtful in the house.

THE Republicans of Venango county voted the fusion forces and elected George S. Criswell, common pleas judge by about 500 majority. The whole of the Republican ticket was elected and Prohibitionists got the minority commissioner and auditor.

A TYPHOON which took place Tuesday Nov. 7, has wrought extensive devastation in the province of Oshima and in the islands adjacent thereto. Over 2,000 buildings have been destroyed and a steamer, it is said, has been wrecked. No loss of life is reported.

IN New York City George B. McClellan, Tammany Democrat, has about 3500 plurality over W. R. Hearst, Municipal Ownership candidate for mayor and District Attorney Jerome was re-elected by about 10,000 plurality. Hearst makes the claim that 30,000 legal votes were counted for McClellan and the matter will be settled in the courts.

THE City Party won out by 18,333 votes in Philadelphia and the whole ticket was elected. The fight against boss rule and graft struck a popular cord in the city of Brotherly Love and the landslide was wonderful. It is the sincere hope of every citizen of this Commonwealth that the new party in power will make good its promises for reform and that Philadelphia's politics will be really purified.

THE reform movement so strenuously advocated by President Roosevelt seems to have spread over the whole United States with most telling effect and the elections held on Tuesday show that the people are making an earnest effort to rid themselves of bosses and grafters in politics. In nearly all the states and cities these bosses and grafters have either been defeated or received a severe set back and if the present movement is kept up the political conditions all over the country will be greatly improved.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., Nov. 3, 1905.

Prince Louis of Battenburg, a rear admiral in the British navy and related by marriage to the royal family of England, arrived in Washington about noon Friday having come from Annapolis by special train. He was met at the station by Sir Mortimer Durand, the British Ambassador, and officials from the Navy Department. The entertainment of a Prince is a notable event socially for the Capital and when an English nobleman visits this country there is just a little more enthusiasm than for royal visitors of other countries, Englishmen, even when they are princes seem more like one's own family, because of the cordial entente between the countries and the ability of all to converse and understand each other greatly promotes the good feeling. Occasionally princes with unpronounceable names and limited linguistic abilities descend on Washington and while there is just as much firing of salutes and as many exchanges of visits and dinners and receptions etc., there is a decided air of weariness about the affairs in which the participants can only exchange smiles with the guest of honor. Prince Louis' appearance at Annapolis aroused enthusiasm. He is in appearance thoroughly princely but in manner and conversation he has the cordial air of trying to live it down. When he met Governor Warfield of Maryland at the door of the Executive Mansion the Governor was evidently undecided what to do with his right hand but the Prince relieved all embarassment by grasping and shaking it heartily. He won the hearts of the women assembled to receive him by asking to see the house and by taking interest in the furniture and the curtains and the domestic arrangements which lie close to the feminine heart. He expressed his admiration of the house saying, "it is so homelike and cozy—just the kind of a house I like to live in." At the dinner given by Admiral Evans on board the Mayflower he was as democratic as "Fighting Bob" himself and entered into spirited conversation with all of the officers near him. All this information preceded him to Washington and he was met with enthusiasm not only by his fellow countrymen from the Embassy but by officers detailed to receive him and by the crowds that assembled on the streets to see him pass. Accompanied by the Ambassador he was driven at once to the British Embassy and took luncheon there with a small but distinguished party invited to meet him. At three o'clock dressed in the full regalia of an Admiral of the British navy he visited the White House and was received by the President. He presented a personal letter to the President from King Edward and while, of course its contents were not made public, it is supposed the letter was one of congratulation on the success of the President in the recent peace negotiations between Russia and Japan. Assembled to meet him were besides the President and Mrs. Roosevelt and Vice President and Mrs. Fairbanks, the members of the Cabinet and their wives and a number of other distinguished persons.

The Prince was again a guest at the Embassy for a dinner which was followed by a reception and dance, the first important social event of the season and one of the most brilliant functions that has taken place in Washington. Several hundred invitations had been issued and all the prominent officials and diplomats with their wives and daughters were present. The officers of the two navies in full dress uniform and the diplomats gorgeous in gold lace and brilliant colors mingled with the exquisitely dressed women whose gowns planned for the occasion have been the theme of dress makers for a month past. The British Embassy, a stately brick residence on Connecticut Avenue was splendidly decorated for the occasion. At the head of the broad stairway the large portrait in oil of the late Queen Victoria was surrounded by flowers and the balustrade was draped with vines and bunches of American Beauty roses. Apart of the Marine band furnished the music for the dancers and the Prince prevented all rage and heartburnings by promenading only with the wife of the British Ambassador and Mrs. Dewey.

The plans for the entertainment of the Prince Saturday include a drive about the city in the morning and a luncheon at the New Willard Hotel by Lieutenant General Chaffee to which sixty guests have been invited. At three o'clock he will be invited to Fort Meyer which is situated about two miles from the city and near the historic home of General Lee, known as Arlington. Here he will witness the Cavalry drill which is one of the most entertaining sights the Capital furnishes. Exhibitions of riding which make the performance of Buffalo Bill's famous riders seem tame are given there by the soldiers and an afternoon is all too short for witnessing the remarkable feats of horsemanship and the manipulation of field artillery by the troops. In the evening he will be entertained at dinner at the White House and the President and Mrs. Roosevelt who have the tact, unknown since the days of Mrs. Cleveland, of making these formal affairs a pleasure instead of prolonged torture, have invited many distinguished members of the official set here. Sunday the Prince will visit Mount Vernon and Monday will leave again for Annapolis, going later to New York where he will submit to as strenuous a round of entertainment as during the three days here.

Rear Admiral Rae, engineer in chief of the United States navy has made a report in which he states that there is a deplorable lack of engineers in the navy, and that if we were to be plunged in war the navy "would find itself in no condition to win battles". "In these days" he says, "the man in the power room of a ship is as vitally necessary to a fleet in action as the man in the conning tower or the gun turret. Good gunnery or able strategy is of no value if the ship cannot be brought into line speedily and precisely." The accident on the Bennington was a shocking confirmation of the findings of the Admiral. Of recent years and probably as a result of the defective personal bill, the need of specially qualified engineers has been partially obscured or disregarded. Admiral Rae proposes a method by which engineers shall be supplied to the navy speedily and his or some other method must be applied at once and a competent corps of experts supplied whether they rank in the line or are maintained as a separate staff that our ships may be made effective.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 4, 1905:

Arthur Ackerman, George Baker, Mrs. Lydia Beebe, Frank L. Corey, Geo. Hallacker, Mrs. Warren Peterson, Foreign—Fortunato Sanfidele (3).

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Stockholders Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Smethport Water Co. for the election of directors and the transaction of other appropriate business will be held at the office of the Company, Smethport, Pa., December 4, 1905, at 1 p. m.

BERNARD T. GARLICK.

Look at our window, "everything given away." Lindholm's.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE
BELL BROS.

What About the Home?

You've planned a furniture purchase—that the home may be prettier and more comfortable during the long evenings.

We assure you that purchase—whether you want one single small piece or a parlor suit, a chair or an outfit of dining room furniture will be made here—if you come to see the new things before you buy.

For our provisions have been made—the department fairly bristles with the most satisfactory products of the foremost manufacturers.

And the question of prices has been met fairly and robbed of all its terrors. You can buy good furniture for mighty little money here.

100 Tabourets, special, worth 50c, this week ..... $ .29
75 handsome Plate Racks, sold elsewhere at $1.25 to $1.50, you buy for ..... .98
25 Medicine Cabinets, assorted, for ..... .98

Dining Room Furniture for Thanksgiving.

6 chairs, cane seats, one 6 ft. Extension Table, one handsome sideboard, all solid oak, all for 21.45

Dining Room Chairs.

6 Oak Diners, high polish finish 6.95
6 cane seat Diners, handsome and very special 10.50

Sideboards.

4 $25.00 Buffets, reduced to 22.50
3 handsome $18.00 Sideboards, reduced to 14.95
Our $22.50 Sideboards, this week 19.95

Dining Tables.

3 $20.00 Oak Tables, highly polished, for 17.95
Our $45.00 Table, this week 37.00

See the New Parlor Suits.

3 piece upholstered in crushed plush, for 14.95
3 five piece suits, velour coverings, mahogany finish, very special 21.95

Bargain Couch.

5 velour covered couches, guaranteed springs, worth $12.00 and $13.00, choice of lot 9.95

Special Rocker Bargains.

10 Rockers value, $3.00.. 2.48 5 Rockers, value, $4.50.. 3.95
8 Rockers value, $6.50.. 5.25 4 Rockers, value, $8.50.. 7.95

If you buy Iron Beds you cannot pass our stock and prices and do justice to yourselves. Bed room furniture is our special forte, odd Dressers, odd Commodes, odd Chairs, all to harmonize with other furnishings.

A special offer this week is the following: 10 Iron Beds, Springs and cotton top mattresses for $6.48.

Just a word about the Ready-to-Wear Department. 200 Coats and Suits just in for this week's business.

BELL BROS.

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpets and Furniture House of Southwestern New York.

Watch Repairing

Diamond Mounting

and Engraving.

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

JUST IN—A fresh supply of the following cereals:

FORCE		15c
OATS, QUAKER	2 lbs.	10c
SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT		13c, 2 for 25c
TRISCUIT		10c
EGG O'SEE		10c
RICE PUFFED & MALTA VITA		10c
CREAM OF WHEAT		15c
OAT FLAKE BANNER	5 lbs.	26c

A. E. FOSTER & CO

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP, and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

The Acme Cushion Shoe for Ladies.

Afford great relief for tender feet. The most complete comfortable thing for damp and cold weather. Everybody is invited to look them over.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 and 20c 10 and 20c

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

Ask for free October Style Book. Orders for Fall and Winter Catalogues, now taken 10 c each.

FALL AND WINTER MDSE.

Would like to call your attention to the fact that I have purchased my new line of fall merchandise while in New York, and it is now ready for your inspection.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

September 26, 1905.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES IN

Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line, now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

By reason of fresh arrivals our stock of

TOILET SOAPS and PERFUMES

were never so complete.

It seems as if we could please even the most particular customes.

INVESTIGATE.

McCoy's Drug Store

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

COATS More Coats Better Coats

Our Coat Department is now at its prime. The latest coat creations are to be found there. New materials and new styles.

Our buyer in New York has been shipping coats and suits by express every day and in this way we are assured the latest styles, newest things.

The stylish Skirts are to be found here. Prices range from $3.50 to $15.00. All new ones.

SKIRT SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK.

A lot of Skirts, present prices $5.98, $6.25, $6.50 and $7.00. To move them quick your choice this week only **$5.50**

THEY ARE SPECIALS. DON'T MISS THEM.

LADIES' FURNISHINGS

in Collars and Neckwear. Also the newest things in

Hatpins, Hairpins, Combs, Comb Sets, Novelty Pins.

SIX SUITS. Left over from last season. Remnant of the old Lindholm stock. The only ones we have of the kind; three are rain proof goods, short jacket with skirt, good values.

Three are brown serge, silk lined, fine garments. They go at give away prices. Ask to see them.

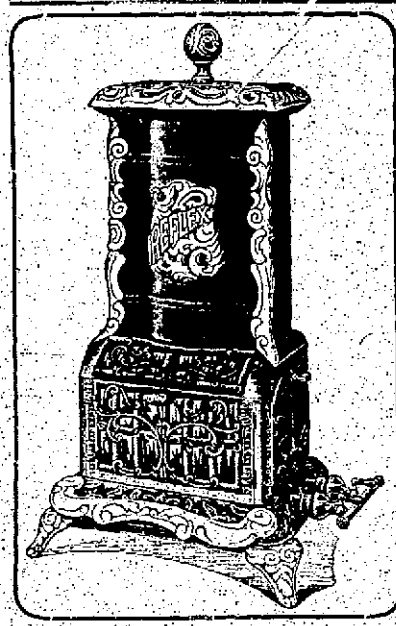
Another shipment of West End Challies, Persian patterns, for comforts, at 5c a yd

SEE OUR WINDOW. Grand assortment of useful articles given away, none to be sold.

For particulars ask the man. He will tell you all. Remember all given away absolutely free.

The Lindholm Co.

THE REFLEX.



The best evidence that the REFLEX is the most satisfactory **Gas Heater** made is the fact that people owning the larger sizes, when they want a smaller stove for a dining room or a bed room invariably buy one of the smaller sizes which is a sure proof that they are thoroughly satisfied with the work of the

REFLEX.

Remember that they are made in five sizes and we carry them all in stock. If it is a stove you want we have it.

Redfield's Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 9, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Detroit Jewel stove is extensively advertised by Holmes & Gilfillan.

—This week the ad of the Lindholm Co. is full of interesting bargains. Read it.

—The 500 Club was entertained at the home of R. E. Burdick last Thursday evening.

—Bell Bros., the Olean department store, have some alluring prices in their space this week.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

—Chas. F. Keefer has re-opened the blacksmith shop, located back of L. K. Hogarth's drug store.

—The K. O. T. M. of this State have purchased a farm near Reading and will erect a Maccabee home.

—At the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday morning the Rev. W. A. Harris will preach on "The Divine Gentleness" and in the evening on "Peter the Rock-Man."

—Redfield's Hardware keeps in line with seasonable advertising. Look up the ad for this week.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett has an enlarged ad in this issue calling attention to a fine line of underwear.

—Westbrook Academy at Olean has a full house every year. It is one of the best private schools of the State.

—Preaching in the East Smethport Union church at 8 p. m. by Rev. W. A. Day, subject, "The Value of a Dream."

—Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Baker gave a tea last evening in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Stein and Mr. and Mrs. Rathburn.

—The Smethport Hose company will give ten-cent dances in the hose house Saturday evenings. Chadwick's orchestra will furnish the music.

—The next meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held at the M. E. chapel next Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. A large attendance is desired.

—The Willing Workers of the Baptist church will give a chicken supper at the hose house Saturday, Nov. 11. Supper served at 5 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

—George L. Wilson of Butte, Mont., formerly of Bradford, recently received $1,000 reward for capturing a highwayman, who had held up the train on which Mr. Wilson was engineer.

—The Euchre Club was entertained last Wednesday by Mrs. G. H. McCoy. The high prize was won by Miss May Choate, the lone hand by Mrs. W. S. Palmer and the visitors by Miss Selover.

—The Lyceum management will hold a series of Saturday evening dances at the Lyceum, commencing next Saturday evening. The Lyceum orchestra has been engaged and a good time is assured all who attend.

—L. K Hogarth has been appointed department of health distributor of antitoxin for this district. He will supply physicians with antitoxin free of charge for use in cases where the patient is not able to incur the expense.

—Mrs. T. F. Hungiville entertained a large number of ladies Tuesday evening at cards at her home of Franklin street. Mrs. John B. Chapman won the high prize and the consolation prize was awarded to Mrs. F. H. Hungiville.

—L. O. Chadwick, a well known printer, is very seriously ill at the hospital. He is a sufferer from pneumonia. Last night his condition was critical. Dr. Burg Chadwick of Smethport has been here in attendance on the patient. —Yesterday's Era.

—The Era feels honored. It has been placed on Carrie Nation's exchange list and the Hatchet, edited by the very destructive old lady, comes to this office regularly. It is a wonderful periodical. —D. A. Dennison's Random Notes. Dave always was popular with the girls.

—A dispatch from St. Louis, dated Nov. 6, says: Running 25 miles an hour a Missouri Pacific passenger train today demolished a wagon containing 3,000 pounds of dynamite at the Spring avenue crossing, killing a mule attached to the vehicle. The dynamite did not explode.

—"Along the Kennebec" appeared before a fair sized audience at the Lyceum Monday evening. The company did not come up to the standard of the one that gave such an excellent performance here two years ago. Some of the characters were quite well portrayed, while with others the least said the better.

—Charles Brewster, the Potter county murderer, will not be hung in 1905. The case has been appealed to the Supreme Court. The writ is made returnable on the first Monday in November, but in all probabilities it will be impossible to get the record ready for that date and the case will not be argued before February, 1906, and possibly not then.

—Asa Tyler, a carpenter, died Saturday, Oct. 28, at the residence of his mother at Westons Mills. The deceased had been ill one week with typhoid fever. He was a member of the well known Tyler family of Smethport. He was aged 30 years and is survived by his mother, four sisters and a brother. The funeral was held at Portville Monday.—Eldred Eagle.

—The Cottage House changed hands this morning and F. L. McCreary became the new proprietor, having purchased the same from M. W. Heinleh, who has conducted this pleasant little hotel for the past three years. Mr. McCreary has been the clerk at the Wright House for the past four or five years and has made many friends among the people of Smethport and vicinity. We wish Mr. McCreary success in his new business.

—F. B. Whitney of Bradford and La Drue Billings of Friendship yesterday sold their one-half interest in six wells on the Doyo and Hyde farms in the Nile field to Edward Riggall of Smethport, C. M. Van Curen and Ellis Scott of Bolivar for $4,000. There are 180 acres of leases and the property is fitted up in good shape. The daily production is about six barrels. The lease has been developed within the past two years.—Bolivar Breeze.

—We clip the following from an exchange: Young man don't swear. There is no occasion for it outside the printing office where it is useful when the paper is behind time. It also comes handy in proof reading and is indispensable when the ink works bad and the press begins to buck, it is sometimes brought into use when the foreman is mad, and it has been known to entirely remove the tired feeling of the editor when he looks over the paper after it is printed. Outside of the printing office it is a foolish thing.

—The big city papers seem to have dull days when they print items that a reporter on a country paper would not dare to write. One of the Philadelphia papers the other day devoted a third of a column relating how nearly Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and Henry S. Lehr, who were out driving in Mr. Lehr's victoria, came to colliding with a delivery wagon. The wheels of the victoria barely escaped the delivery wagon wheels and Mrs. Fish was much shocked by the danger through which she passed. Well, I swan!—Ex.

—Daniel Bacon has sold the furniture of the Hotel Imperial and leased the building to M. S. Geary of Mt. Alton and Mr. Geary will enter upon the duties as proprietor tomorrow. Mr. Geary is an energetic and popular young man who has been in the mercantile business in Mt. Alton for a number of years and for the past two or three years has been a traveling salesman with a territory in this section and there is every reason to believe that he will be a popular and successful landlord. Mr. Bacon and family have conducted this popular hostelry for the past fourteen years and they have many friends both in town and among the traveling public. Mr. Bacon and family will reside in Smethport until he decides to enter in business again.

More heating stoves arriving each day. You get the best when you buy of Holmes & Gilfillan.

Personal Mention.

H. C. Wells had business in Bradford last Friday.

Miss Ruth Forrest is visiting friends in Mt. Morris, N. Y.

E. R. Brennon was down from Hazelhurst on business Saturday.

Miss M. M. Hibbard of Mt. Jewett visited friends in town Monday.

Mrs. E. C. Pattison of Bradford visited relatives in town this week.

Capt. D. F. A. Wheelock of Warren had business in town yesterday.

Miss Sophia Hafner was the guest of her parents in Clermont over Sunday.

Frank Purtle was up from Washington, D. C., this week to cast his first vote.

Miss Bertha Jackson of Hazelhurst was the guest of friends in town over Sunday.

A. J. Warshofsky of Rochester, N. Y., is greeting his many friends in town this week.

E. D. Ostrander of Ceres was a pleasant caller at this office while in town yesterday.

Mrs. O. B. Park of Rixford and Mrs. A. A. Park of Bingham were shopping in town Monday.

Mrs. M. M. Gillette and little son left last Saturday for Newark, O., where they will remain until after the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Harris will attend the Olean District Conference on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week at Portville.

Mrs. A. L. Colegrove of Mt. Jewett was the guest of Smethport friends on Tuesday. She was accompanied by Miss Beatrice Elliott, a former teacher here.

Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Stein, son and Mrs. Stein's sister, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Rathburn and Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Baker returned from a few days hunting at Beechwood cottage, Frog Camp.

Administrator's Sale of Estate of Z. T. Carl.

The undersigned will sell at public sale, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., on Friday, November 24, 1905, at the farm lately occupied by Z. T. Carl, deceased, in Keating township, McKean Co., Pa., the following personal property to-wit: 1 four year old sorrel colt, 1 five year old gray colt, 1 cow, a quantity of hay, 25 swarms of bees with hives, 122 empty bee hives.

Terms of sale. On all purchases of ten dollars and less, cash; on all other purchases one half cash and approved notes at two months.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator of Z. T. Carl.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

Standard sweaters for ladies. Lindholm's.

A fur special: $5.98, at Lindholm's.

Subscribe for the Miner.

"MERODE" Trade Mark Registered

This is the store to buy

MERODE silk hand-finished underwear for LADIES and CHILDREN.

We have a nice line of stamped linens and embroidery silks.

Also a fine line of

Vantine's Toilet Articles.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett

THE CITY STORE.

F. FRY & COMES C.

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

BARKER COLLARS 2 for 25c

WE WANT THE ATTENTION

We want the attention of the carefully dressed men folks this week. There's a lot of new things in SHIRTS, COLLARS, CRAVATS, GLOVES and UNDERWEAR, etc., that you ought to see.

This week we are making a window display of men's wear that will be of interest to you.

No where can you get newer styles or better values.

Eclipse Shirts

Ever wear one? Men who have tell us they're the best dollar shirt they ever got into. Try one with our guarantee, all sizes, $1.00

"Barker" Collars

"Warranted All Linen" and you've been paying the same price for cotton collars. Get a "Barker" collar and know what collar satisfaction is, 2 for 25c.

Cravats

The shapes are wider, running about 2½ inches and plain rich silks are employed a great deal. We sell "L & M Royal Make" neckware, all shapes, 25 to 50c.

Gloves

"Ireland Bros." make in Mocha and Cape leathers with silk lining or plain. The Cape glove is the leading thing—it makes a practical hand covering possessing more wear than any other skin.

Grays and Tans $1.00 to $1.50.

Yarn Gloves 25c to 50c.

Fur Gloves and Mittens

For the very cold weather. A good assortment, $1 to $4.50.

Underwear

Complete assortments in Union Suits and separate shirts and drawers.

Single garments 50c to $3.75.

Union Suits $1.50 to $3.75.

Ways Mufflers

For a stormy day there is nothing quite so good as a Ways Muffler, Black, White and colors, 25c and 50c.

Half Hose

Black and colors in good warm socks for winter wear. An extra value in a black cashmere hose at 25c, other styles 25c and 50c.

Suspenders

Comfortable, dependable suspenders do not hang on every bush. We have three makes which are pleasing many.

Chester and President, @ 50c.

Pennant @ 25c.

Night Shirts

Made of good quality warm outing flannell cut in generous sizes and well stitched, 50c and $1.00.

JEWEL
STEEL RANGES
The unequaled product of skill, experience and the best materials. Last a lifetime. Save fuel, worry and work. Easily operated and always reliable. You can depend on Jewels.
Quick Bakers
Perfect Cookers
and Fuel Savers
because they are built that way.
Blue Planished Steel body, hand-riveted tight with Cone-head rivets and lutestlined with asbestos. Roomy firebox; heavy sectional linings; Jewel Duplex Grate, reversible for wood, and perfect flue system which concentrates heat around square, high oven—quick results guaranteed. Dealer will gladly show you many other advantages which insure durability, fuel economy, and make Jewels the best.
Over 3,800,000 Jewels made and sold. Look for Trade mark and name—Detroit Stove Works—Largest Stove Plant in the World.
JEWEL STOVES RANGES

VISIT OUR STORE AND SEE THEM.

We are carrying in stock all the leading styles at prices that would really surprise you. We always take great pleasure in showing the good points of JEWEL RANGES and invite you to make a rigid examination.

Do not think because we sell Jewel Ranges that our prices must be high.

We guarantee all Jewel Ranges. You take no risk when you buy a Jewel.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND HARDWARE, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.

SMETHPORT - PENN'A.

Rochester Business Institute

A LEADER IN ITS FIELD.

Not a graduate of last year's class out of a position. Present enrolment much larger than that of last year. The managers are the authors of the leading series of commercial text books. Registration on every Monday. Send for catalogue.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

At Double Tee Ranch

By FRANK H SWEET

Copyright, 1905 by E C Parcells

'No man can win me until he proves himself a better cowboy than I am' flashed the girl Then as her gaze swept over the assembled outfit of the Double Tee ranch, she broke into a ringing scornful laugh. But the men felt there had been more than jest in her words Hairy faced Tom Bigelow —Wooley Dog Tom—placed his hand over his heart.

'Them s pirited sentiments, Miss Tensie' he rebuked suavely, and it implies us boys here considerable, seeing four of us have asked you to marry since you stood here on the horse Now in justice to the Double Tee outfit we'd ask you to name the conditions and cards If it's to round up a stampeding herd single handed or ride a locoed horse or —

'I don't think the man's among you Mr Wooley interrupted the girl 'If you'll hurry Pete up with that note I'll be going I could have written a dozen answers in this time There he comes now"

A cowboy was emerging from the ranch shack and following him was the new owner fresh from the east and immaculate in a tailor made cowboy costume He was a handsome fellow and came forward quickly doffing his hat.

'Tell your father I am awfully obliged to him for his neighborliness Miss Neuman," he said 'and that he can depend upon me to be at the ranchmen's meeting I want to identify myself with the country now That note will explain about the horses I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long but there seemed to be no paper or pencils in the outfit

Tensie Neuman took the note and bowed, then touched her horse lightly As she swept away the curiosity in the new owner's eyes was mingled with surprised admiration

'A magnificent girl' he ejaculated involuntarily But Robson the foreman was near enough to hear him

'Yes' he said quietly you don't see such girls in the east Mr Rand and even here on the plains Miss Tensie is an exception

She's a goddess!' agreed Mr Rand enthusiastically Then he swung suddenly to the outfit, his face darkening

'Look here men" he cried hotly I don't like the way you talked to that girl It was positively insulting Why I heard four of you proposing to the girl right here in the presence of all the rest, and you were in earnest'

"In dead earnest, assented Wooley Dog Tom pathetically—'the deadest kind of earnest. As I have myself heard the same four propose to her individually as collectively more times than I've got fingers on toes and generally in the presence of witnesses An why not? Everybody knows every cuss here loves her, an' there's nothing to be ashamed of Lord Mr Rand we've been acquainted with Miss Tensie ever since her father brought her to this ranch two years ago an' we've been proposing to her on all chances an occasions through the twenty four months I'd have asked her to marry me today only these coyotes kept their everlasting jaws going'

'What gets me said Wild Smith gently is how she snaps out sometimes just like now Maybe we ought to draw her off by herself boys an' not speak out so in meetin Maybe gals like proposins to be private rehearsals'

Not Miss Tensie," declared Wooley Dog Tom authoritatively It's pure tice for her to say no in different ways She's bound to like it. Lord I'd rather hear her say no than any other gal yes: It's worth proposin just to have her eyes on one and her attention for a minute. And that's the way we all feel Every cuse in this outfit has been proposin' to her except Robson there, an he don't propose to nobody He's too all fired dried up Now Mr Rand"—

'Never mind bringing me in," said Mr Rand shortly No girl cares to be proposed to in that way much less a girl like Miss Neuman You cowboys'—

"Are as fine a lot of men as there are in the world' finished the foreman briskly I am glad you feel that way about us Mr Rand especially as you are to become a cowboy in a way yourself Miss Tensie regards us in the same manner for she knows that any one in the outfit would give his life freely to save her from danger and that is more than many of the well dressed men east would do The mere fact of her having to familiarize us with the word No detracts nothing from the warm feeling between her and the outfit. And, yes I will add that, contrary to Mr Wooley Dog Tom's belief I proposed to her myself more than a year ago and was refused Now'—sharply— all of you scatter to the upper range and relieve the boys there Keep an extra keen lookout for the wolves are around again and liable to cause another bad stampede —Miss Tensie rode that way you know, and brave and familiar with cattle as she is I wouldn't like her to get in front of a stampede when wolves were behind I don't think there is any real danger, of course or I would have warned her Wolves are not apt to venture out till night, but I shall go along'

There had not been a serious stampede for several weeks, though scattering wolves were seen almost daily along the edge of the foothills At night the cowboys were unusually vigilant, with occasional fires built at dangerous points and so the wolves had been kept back And it was at night alone that danger was apprehended

But the wolves had been growing hungry, and with hunger came boldness An hour's riding with ten miles left behind, and the cowboys saw the figure which they had only tried to keep within sight whirl suddenly and come toward them A few moments later came a dull vibration of the earth which caused Robson to throw his horse forward with a curse

'Ride boys" he yelled "Stampeding cattle, and you know Miss Tensie's horse came thirty miles from her father's ranch this morning and is too exhausted to lead a stampede driven by wolves Ride as you never did before Sweep in between her and the cattle and then turn, and, if need be every one of you die before a horn touches her horse"

"To blazes with you'" cried Wooley Dog Tom wrathfully What reason have you to say that? Ain't we all proposed to her last?'

But Tensie was a mile away and before that distance was lessened by half the stampede had swept over the slope behind and was closing in on her A quarter of a mile and the clashing horns were less than a dozen yards away, an eighth and they were at her horse's flank

Robson's face was set in rigid lines He had ridden many miles also that morning and his horse was not so fresh as his companions' but by sheer force of will he pushed the animal ahead of the others two three four lengths and when the clashing horns closed in upon Tensie's horse he was less than twenty yards away But no power on earth could now check his terrific speed in advance of the onrushing stampede A second and his arm rose steadily and unerringly There were two sharp reports, and then the cattle obliterated them

A seeming trifle may sometimes check or divide an avalanche Almost simultaneously with the reports the two frenzied animals that were crowding upon Tensie's horse fell and instinctively the cattle directly behind swerved a little to the right and left to avoid them Others followed and thus a narrow path was left through the stampede

After the cattle had passed Tensie looked at her companion His hand was grasping her arm and she noticed that it trembled Her own face was white but her eyes had softened

Dick, she whispered, you are a better cowboy than I am

Blind Justice

Captain Joe Nicholson to memory dear in Detroit, used to tell of a long time prisoner who had been in the house of correction while the captain ran that institution

Just before his term expired the convict called the captain and told him that justice was now done and that an honest man would start fresh in the world

But you have told me several times that you were innocent of the charge on which you were sent here

"So I was Captain Joe and I can prove it Here are the names of three witnesses Get their statements and see whether I'm lying

Just as a matter of curiosity the captain complied and found convincing evidence of the man's innocence

The convict was called in and smilingly asked why he had not used his evidence in getting a new trial

"I'll tell you captain In my time I was acquitted three or four times when I was guilty so when I was accused of something I never did I just thought I'd even things up by taking my medicine without kicking Besides that it sort of tickled me to find that justice had missed me at every shot,'—Detroit Journal

Too Logical.

Mr Blank, head of the great business of Blank & Son regularly scanned the attendance book noting punctuality or otherwise. His son was the greatest offender and he wrote across his entries, "Mr George Blank keeps very bad time."

Mr George "bluffing" appended to this remark, "Time was made for slaves," and laughed much among the higher employees at his wit.

On the 1st of each month the cashier handed each employee his check in a sealed envelope. Mr George was always eager for his, having expensive tastes of all kinds.

On the next payment after his remonstrance he opened his envelope and found a slip of paper on which was written "Time was made for slaves Time is money But Mr George Blank is not a slave therefore he requires no money"

Mr George, who was a university man avowed that despite his former studies he found this proposition too logical for him —London Answers

A Sad Reminder.

A story is told by the writer of "Some Stories of the Concert Platform" concerning Mme Patey the famous English contralto The singer was delighting a large audience in the town hall at Birmingham when a workingman at the rear of the building was observed to be in tears There was nothing in the words to account for this display of feeling, and had this been otherwise the famed prima donna was singing in the Italian tongue But the grief of the man became more pronounced ere Mme Patey had concluded At length, amid a thunder of applause the singer retired and the stranger was asked the reason of his grief

'She reminds me so o' my darter,' said the tearful one 'She was in the singin line'

"But surely your daughter could not sing like that?" queried the man in the next seat.

"No, answered the mourner with another sob, 'but you never could tell what she wos singin about!'

INSURANCE.
Life Fire and Accident
written by
W F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.
In good, reliable companies

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good
Use in time Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS

THE BOAST OF HEALTH

It Often Precedes Serious if Not Fatal Sickness

All doctors know that just before death the patient often experiences what is called a rally nature making apparently her last stand against the symptoms which we call death, and it is quite likely that the feeling which induces men to boast of health is of the same kind—an effort of nature to protect us against the coming sickness which the body has recognized, though the mind has not. The phenomenon occurs every day in the cases of consumptive patients, who brighten up and grow hopeful just when the disease is about to strike its hardest blows, and it is quite possible that it is more frequent than has yet been recognized that the approach of fever, for example, is signaled by an unusual consciousness of health "I have never felt so well in my life," says the patient who twenty-four hours after is lying prostrate and whose friends quote his statement as illustrating once more the ancient and depressing belief

The boast had nothing to do with the illness but it preceded it, and men attracted by the violent contrast almost instinctively link the two together as in some way and to some extent cause and effect Next time those who heard it If they feel that rush of health in their veins will avoid boasting of it and the relation of the two will escape attention Moreover it must not be forgotten that boasting is of itself a sign of weakness either temporary or permanent and that consequently failure follows boasting more frequently than it follows silence The perfect driver says he is perfect just when he is most careless and the resulting spill is remembered when the thousand and one escapes due to the same driver's skill and hardihood are clean forgotten —London Spectator

LAMPS THAT ARE CLOCKS

They Were Commonly Used in the Seventeenth Century

Of the various examples that have been given of early specimens of the clockmaker's art not the least interesting are the several types of lamp clocks One of these was of a kind quite common in the seventeenth century and consisted of a lamp burner placed at the base of a glass oil receptacle mounted vertically on a suitable standard The oil reservoir had attached to it a scale facing the burner and showing the hours beginning at 4 o'clock in the afternoon at which time the lamp was to be lighted in winter and ending at 7 o'clock in the morning The lamp being lighted the gradually descending level of the oil as combustion proceeded marked the hours

The other device of later origin dating back to the beginning of the present century utilized the same principle. It consisted of two communicating oil chambers superposed by a clock dial In one of the chambers was placed a night lamp to illuminate this dial and in the other was suspended a float from a cord which passed around a small pulley The latter was mounted on a horizontal axis ending in the center of the dial The float of course descended as the oil was consumed and carried the index hand along with it thus marking the hours precisely as in the case already cited At their best these timepieces could have had only an indifferent degree of accuracy yet they probably served their purpose well and certainly are interesting at the present time as illustrating some of the expedients adopted by mechanicians of an earlier period—Cassier's Magazine

Power of Niagara

What makes Niagara falls powerful is the fact that Lake Superior Lake Michigan Lake Huron and Lake Erie with a combined area of 90 000 square miles representing the reservoirs of some 250 000 square miles of watershed, are situated 600 feet above the sea level The great volume of water falling over the vast territory flows on its natural course to the Atlantic ocean with but a slight descent until it is brought into the narrow Niagara river when in the rapids just above the falls it declines fifty five feet and then, with a single plunge, drops into the abyss 165 feet below Eminent engineers have computed that 275 000 cubic feet of water pass over the falls every second, representing in theoretical energy over 6 000 000 horsepower

Hard to Please

Nobody outside the journalistic profession has any idea how difficult it is for an editor to please some of his patrons For instance referring to a man's reputation for carelessness in the matter of his toilet, a paper announced, 'Mr Maguire will wash himself before he assumes the office of town clerk This made Maguire furious and he demanded a retraction which appeared thus Mr Maguire requests us to deny that he will wash himself before he assumes the office of town clerk Oddly enough this only enraged Maguire the more—San Francisco News Letter

His Women Folk

What a beautiful hair you have' said the old fogy friend

'You must let me have it if the girls hear you speak of it so patronizingly' answered Mr Cumrox. This ain't a home this is a residence'—Washington Star

Of Course He Did

'Bragg tells me he got mixed up in a scrap yesterday'

'Did he get the best of it?

"Of course otherwise he wouldn't have said anything about it.'—Philadelphia Press

Falsehood has an infinity of combinations but truth has only one mode of being—Rousseau

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SOUTH AMERICAN JAGUARS

The Only Animals That Will Purposely Attack Alligators

The most interesting thing about crocodiles and alligators declares the author of The Romance of the Animal World' is the way they get their food This they do mostly and by preference in the water but they have also a habit of lying in wait upon the mud of river banks until some animal approaches sufficiently near to be within their reach

Lying sunk in the mud and of the color of mud themselves they may well be mistaken for a log A wild pig or some other animal fond of rooting in the mud sees the long, shapeless object, but is not disturbed by it as he roots happily among the reed beds He looks up suddenly to find that the log has moved One end of it, the longest, thinnest end the tail, is gliding away in a curve but, like an arrow loosed it flies back and meets the body of the pig with a tremendous sidewise blow and the poor pig falls in a heap

With a sudden swift rush the alligator is upon him and seizing the body by the skin which it holds puckered up between its front teeth it shakes it furiously as a terrier would a rat and then half drags half pushes it before it as it crawls through the mud to the water's edge

There is only one wild animal says the author that will purposely attack an alligator and that is the jaguar of South America The jaguar springs on the back of the alligator and with all his might tears at the roots of the reptile's tail This possibly is with the idea of paralyzing that member thus rendering it incapable of those mighty sweeps from side to side which are more to be feared than even the great armed jaws

The fear of both these weapons may deter the jaguar from clawing the throat of the saurian, for were he to be shaken off in the latter struggles he would be more exposed to either than if he fell farther back

Instances of the jaguar's success in destroying the alligator are given by various observers

DON'TS ON NAMES

Don't name a girl Violet when her disposition may be that of a tiger lily

Don't hamper a boy with a name that will prove a heavy handicap in life

Don't name a baby after a hero unless the hero has been dead several years

Don't name a girl after a flower Think of an old woman called Pansy or Daisy

Don't tack a funny name on a kid It makes him a target for his companions

Don't name a child after a relative from whom you have expectations The relative may yet marry

Don't forget that the man with the common name of William is more likely to write checks than one labeled Percy —Portland Telegram

Dog Tried, Convicted and Hanged

William Chambers the famous English publisher once related an extraordinary story of a sheep thief hanged at Peebles and buried at crossroads with a stake through his body The remarkable feature of the case was that the thief's dog was tried for aiding and abetting in the crime convicted hanged and buried along with its master It was proved at the trial that the man when out with the animal used to indicate to it some particular flock of sheep he wanted After reaching home the dog returned to the place rounded up the sheep and by devious ways and only after dark drove them home There they were kept for some days and their owners marks destroyed or altered They were then graded with others legitimately purchased and driven to the English markets

Don't Be a Chouse

The word chouse was formerly written chiaus and is of Turkish origin A Turkish interpreter or chiaus in London in 1609 swindled some merchants with whom he had dealings out of a large sum of money and thenceforth a chiaus became the popular name for a thief

Ben Jonson in the Alchymist" makes use of the word in its original form

Dapper—What do you think of me—that I am a chiaus?

Face—What's that?

Dapper—The Turk who was here—as one would say do you think I am a Turk?—London Standard

Why the Ocean Doesn't Freeze.

If the ocean did not have salt it would freeze somewhat more readily than it does now but there would be no very marked difference

The ocean is prevented from freezing not so much by its salt as by its size and by its commotion On account of its size large portions of it extend into warm climates at all seasons and by reason of its great depth it is a vast storehouse of heat Its currents distribute much warm water among the cold —St Nicholas

He Never Went There Again

Hostess (at the party)—Miss Robinson has no partner for this waltz Would you mind dancing with her instead of with me?

Hawkard On the contrary I shall be delighted —Exchange

Fairly Rolled In It

'Our office boy dropped into poetry yesterday"

'How was that?'

"The literary editor kicked him into the wastebasket'—Cleveland Leader

Her Father's Account

Perkins—I married her on her father's account Smythe—On her father's account? Perkins—On her father's banking account.

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Official Directory.

STATE

Governor—Samuel W Pennypacker
Lieutenant Governor—W M Brown
State Treasurer—Frank G Harris.
Auditor General—F B Hardenbergh
Secy of Internal Affairs—J B Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—Joseph W Bouton, Smethport
Member of Congress—S R Dresser, Bradford
State Senator—Myron Mason, Bradford
Members of Assembly—J W Campbell, Kane, J M Mayberry Bradford
District Attorney—John F Melvin, Bradford, Pa
Sheriff—Charles E Mayo Morrisons.
Prothonotary—C B Bell Smethport.
Recorder—H M Choate Smethport
Register—J B Eastman, Smethport
Clerk of Courts—W H Morrison Smethport
County Treasurer—S D Weaver Smethport
Commissioners—Geo Griffiths, Kane J A Peterson Bradford W P Walsh, Smethport
Commrs Clerk—A B Walker Bradford
Jury Commissioners—S M. Love Rixford and Leon Curtis Farmers Valley
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom Smethport B G Bartle Port Allegany, James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B H Hall, M D, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J F Myers Smethport.

BOROUGH

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W A Ostrander President Mrs Lena Hyde secretary Alfred Hagberg Jas McKean A A Abbey T I Roony James Herriman J C Cunningham
Justices—B I Kapp E. C Gibson
Constable—F W Doyle
High Constable—Andrew Ness
School Directors—D C Young President J N Apple treas Sheridan Gorton secy W F Specht C M Colegrove John Clark
Collector—R C Gleason
Assessor—I H Freeman
Auditors—C C Choate A H Kidder
Judge of Election—G H Boyle
Inspectors of Election—J A Swanson C H Burlingame

Lodge Directory.

F & A M—McKean Lodge, No 388 meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7 30 o'clock p m at Masonic Hall, Main street

GUY B. MAYO W M
W F SPECHT Secy

I O O F—Smethport Lodge No 389 meets Friday evenings at 8 00 o'clock in I O O F Hall Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month 1st degree on second and degree on third and 3rd degree on fourth meetings

E W STRONG N G
W G HOLDER Secy

I O O F—Smethport Encampment No 273 meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I O O F Hall

S H CLEVELAND Chief Patriarch
C B BARBER Scribe

G A R McKean Post No 347 meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p m in the Odd Fellows Hall

H I BURLINGAME Com
H M CHOATE Adjutant

W R C—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I O O F Hall

MRS ADELL GRIGSBY Pcest
MRS ROSE PEIRCE Secy

A O U W—Smethport Lodge No 182 meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerm Hall

Z U GIFFORD, M W
J C GALLUP Recorder

K O T M—Smethport Tent, No 9 meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7 30 in I O O F Hall

A H KIDDEN Com
W H MORRISON R K.

L O T M—Brown Hive, No 48 meets in I O O F Hall Thursday afternoons

MOLLIE E PIERCE Com
LIZZIE F HOLDER R. K.

C M B A—Smethport Branch 33 meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W C T U Hall Backus block at 7 30 p m

JAMES LYNCH Prest
THOMAS CLARK Rec Secy

W C T U—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p m with Mrs Chapell
MRS JANE N FORSYTHE Pre
MRS MARY E RICHMOND, Secy

P H C—Smethport Branch No 25 meets on every Tuesday evening in I O O F Hall

C M COLEGROVE Pres
CLARA BURLINGAME Secy

Phoenix Chapter No 115 O E S—Meets 1st and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows Hall

MISS MAY CHOATE W M
MRS ROSE MALCOLM Secy

I O R M—Meets every Monday evening in I O O F Hall Adoption degree 1st Monday Warrior's degree and Monday, Chief's degree 3rd Monday

A A ABBEY S
L K HOGAREH, C. of R

Church

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W A Harris pastor Class Meeting Sunday at 10 00 a m preaching at 10 30 a m Sunday school at 11 45 a m Junior League at 3 p m Epworth League at 6 30 p m evening service at 7 30 p m General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p m

Episcopal—J Heber McCandless, Rector Services every Sunday at 10 30 a. m and 7 45 p m Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month Sunday School at 9 30 a m

All Souls Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev J Heber McCandless, Rector Divine services every Sunday at 2 45 p m Sunday School 3 30 p. m The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m

St Elizabeth Catholic Church—Pastor Mass at 11 a. m Service at 11 30 a. m Sunday School at 3 p m Services on each Sunday

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—W A Day pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10 30 a m and 7 45 p m Sunday School at 10 a m Junior Endeavor at 3 p m Senior Endeavor at 6 30 p m Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7 30 Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2 30 All are invited Seats free

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION

Time Table—Taking effect May 28 1904

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT

For Clermont Ridgway DuBois and Pittsburg

Train 102 week days 10 10 a m

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points on Buffalo Division

Train 123 week days 4 04 p m

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD

8 20 a m—Train 12, Sundays for Sunbury and Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, ottsville Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6 23 p. m., New York 9 30 p m, Baltimore 6 00 p m., Washington 7 15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12 25 p m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7 32 p m., New York 10 23 p. m., Baltimore 7 30 p. m., Washington 8 33 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3 23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.25 a m, New York 7 15 a m Baltimore 2 20 a. m, Washington 3 30 a m Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 30 a. m.

10 35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7.25 a. m., New York 9 33 a m week days (10 38 a. m Sundays) Baltimore 7 15 a m Washington 8 50 a m Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12 20 a m—Train 14 daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7 17 a m New York 9 33 a. m week days (10 38 a. m Sundays) Sunbury and Baltimore 7 2 a m Washington 8 40 a m Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches. Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington

WESTWARD

5 10 a m—Train 9 daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois Clermont and intermediate stations

10 25 a m.—Train 3 daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

4 30 p m—Train 85 daily for Erie and intermediate stations

Johnsonburg R R

Weekdays

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M Lv		Ar P M
9 20	Ridgway	11 50
9 40	Johnsonburg	11 30
9 56	Glen Hazel	11 15
10 07	Straight	11 04
8 1	Instanter	10 54
8 20	Smith's Run	10 52
8 30	Woodvale	10 45
8 35	Clermont	10 40
1 M		A M

Connections are made with train 8 leaving Johnsonburg at 11 47 a m for Erie and intermediate points arriving at Erie at 3 50 p m, and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 11 55 p m for DuBois Red Bank Pittsburg and intermediate points

W W WILLIAMS J R WOOD
General Manager Pass Traffic Mgr
GEO W BOYD
Gen'l Passenger Agent

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect April 2nd 1905 Eastern Time

Trains leave Smethport as follows

9 00 a m—For Mt Jewett (arr 9 50 a m) connecting with B R & P Ry for Johnsonburg (arr 9 25 a m) Ridgway (arr 10 30 a m) DuBois (arr 10 45 a m) and Punxsutawney (arr 11 30 a m

9 01 a m for Eldred (arr 9 50 a m) Olean (arr 10 20 a m) connecting with P R R for Buffalo (arr 12 45 p m)

10 05 noon for Clermont (arr 1 30 p m) St Marys (arr 1 45 p m) Shawmut (arr 4 22 p m) and Brockwayville (arr 4 4 p m)

2 40 p m for Eldred (arr 3 40 p m) Olean (arr 4 40 p m) connecting with P R R for Buffalo (arr 6 10 p m) Bolivar (arr 3 2 p m) Friendship (arr 4 03 p m) Angelica (arr 4 3- p m) Hornellsville (arr 5 55 p m) Wayland (arr 6 08 p m) connecting with D L & W for all points east

Trains arrive 9 01—From Mt Jewett with connections from Kane 2 20 p m—From Brockwayville Shawmut St Marys and Clermont 1 05 noon—From Hornellsville Wayland Arcadia Friendship Bolivar and Olean 2 30 p m—From Mt Jewett with connections from B L & P 5 m—From Olean and Eldred

N B—All trains daily except Sunday

A M LANE General Supt St. Marys Pa
O J RENWICK Gen Pass Agt

OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table taking effect Monday March 18 1901

Ar Eastward				STATIONS	Lv Westward			
A M	A M	P M		Ar	Dp	A M	P M	A M
8 05	7 05	2 10		Ulysses	7 20	2 25	9 10	
7 39	6 53	2 10		Crowell	7 27	2 32	9 10	
7 45	0	1 57		Carpenter	0	2 34	9	
7 49	6 48	1 53		Perkins	7 32	2 37	9 20	
7 37	6 45	1 50		New Bed June	7 37	2 42	9 32	
0	0	1 45		Newfield	7 41	2 46	0	
7 05	6 36	1 41		Gold	7 44	2 49	9 47	
7 00	6 30	1 35		Raymond	7 49	2 55	9 4	
6 45	6 21	1 24		Seven Bdg s	8 01	3 06	10 0	
6 40	6 17	1 20		Colesburg	8 04	3 09	10 10	
6 25	6 10	1 12		Frinks	8 12	3 17	10 20	
6 15	0	1 05	N	Coudsport	0	3 26	10 35	
6 10	6 00	1 00	Dp	Ar	8 25	3 30	10 45	
A M	A M	P M		Coudersport			P M	
4 20	7 45	12 15		Ar	Dp	8 28	6 00	P M
0	0	12 13		Hammond	0	0	0	0
4 05	7 38	12 09		Olmsted	8 33	6 05	1 31	
3 59	7 35	12 05		Mina	8 37	6 10	1 37	
3 45	0	11 59		Knowlton	0	6 19	0	
3 40	7 25	11 55		Roulette	8 47	6 21	1 51	
3 30	7 16	11 47		Burtville	8 54	6 28	2 01	
3 23	0	11 41		Coleman	0	6 34	0	
3 20	0	0		Chem Wrks	0	0	0	
3 15	7 04	11 36		Pt. Allegany	9 08	6 40	2 25	
P M	P M	A M		Dp	Ar	A M	P M	P M

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N Y C & H R R, at Port Allegany with W N Y & P Ry and at Newfield Junction with B & S R R.

Trains run on eastern standard time

B A. McCLURE, Supt.

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Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

ENFORCING THE LAW

By LOUISE J. STRONG

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Old Ned started and cast an injured, reproachful glance back at his mistress.

"There, Neddy, there!" she apologized, "I didn't really mean to strike you, but I'm *that* worried in mind—what are we going to do, with your young master gone, I'd like to know?"

She gazed with wet eyes across the meadow, where the "young master," her only child, and she a widow, was at work with the hired man. He waved his hand in response to her signal, and her grief overflowed, anticipating the blank loneliness that would be hers when the far West had swallowed up her boy, victim of a girl's weakness and her father's obstinacy.

"Oh, why did he set his heart upon that spiritless Lizzie Clark when there are so many girls just as pretty and every bit as good?" she groaned.

She had put the question to her son, and he had answered by a look only, but a look that somehow entirely pre-

"COME, COME, MRS. CLARK, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU."

[illegible] and watched his energetic movements a few moments, seeing things which seemed so far back in her life that they seemed to belong to another age.

"Come down here, Seth Clark, I want to talk to you," she ordered at length.

"Heart to heart talk, Josephine Ingals Baker?" he asked, not at all surprised, having been observing her out of the tail of his eye.

"Yes, or knife to knife, just as you choose," she retorted sharply. "What's the matter with my Andy?"

"Why, is he ailing?" He managed to look concerned. She scorned his trifling.

"My Andy is every grain as good as your Lizzie, and you know it, and what are you kicking up all this rumpus for against their being married?"

"Well, I happen to want my Lizzie, and I happen not to want your Andy," he explained.

"You are making her wretched and driving my boy away from home!" She caught her breath and bit her lip. She would not cry before Seth Clark.

"They'll both get over it," he commented easily as he slid to the ground. "Other folks have been disappointed in not having what they wanted most and got over it—or stood up under it anyway—didn't let it spoil their lives and go wilting around the rest of their natural span." He regarded her with pointed accusation.

She flushed uncomfortably, and some of those things which had seemed so far, far back suddenly confronted her very closely indeed. She felt qualms. Perhaps she had better have gone home after all.

"Well, I can't see the sense in making the children miserable," she remarked lamely, breaking an awkward pause.

"There's a certain old law that says, 'The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children.' Isn't this an occasion where it can be justly enforced?" he questioned sternly.

"You mean"—she hesitated inquiringly.

"I mean that Andrew Baker robbed me of my wife that should have been, and Andrew Baker's son shall not rob me of my daughter."

She looked astonished and burst out indignantly: "Andrew Baker wouldn't take 'No' for an answer. He kept on and kept on till I just couldn't say it again, especially 'no'—" Her voice trailed out.

"Oh!" he exclaimed in a tone indicative of sudden mental enlightenment, staring at her as if faraway things had most recently confronted him also. "And I gave up and talked all for good, my daughter terribly insulted by the little upstart. I was as concerned as a turkey cock and raged as a pig!"

He chewed a straw and ruminated doubtfully in a spasm of silence.

"As Lizzie and I were happy enough," he observed presently, with apparent irrelevance, "She was a good woman, and little Lizzie is just like her."

"Andrew Baker was as good as the best, and I was happy with him," she bristled. "And my Andy is like his father."

"Maybe Lizzie didn't try him with a 'No.' But he's up against her dad's 'No' all right. I'm not going to be robbed twice. Still"—He contemplated her downcast face and his own softened. He turned his back and unconsciously whistled a few bars of an old love song they used to sing together.

"Look here, Josie Ingals Baker, I've never been friendly with you since, else I'd found out before now that things you've thought dead can come to life. I guess things can be fixed for the children provided—Look here, I'm going to ask that question again, and I'm not going to take 'No' for an answer this time! I'll ask it every time and everywhere I see you. Josie, will you marry me?"

She twisted her fingers in embarrassment, looking absurdly like the old time Josie to his partial eyes, and faltered:

"Well, or—of course, if you won't take 'No!'"

Funeral Cakes.

There is a grimly humorous anecdote of the dying Yorkshireman who asked his daughter for a slice of the ham she had just removed from the stove and was refused on the ground that "ham's not for thou; ham's for t' funeral." It may be capped by one found in "Pages From a Country Diary," a book of sketches of English country life.

A curate went one day to visit an aged parishioner, a small farmer, whose end was daily expected. Finding him rather better on this occasion and propped up in bed, he proposed to read a chapter of the Bible to him. The sick man gratefully agreed, but paid scant attention to the discourse because he was constantly fumbling under his pillow for some form of edible which he mumbled with evident satisfaction between his toothless gums. At last the curate stopped reading and asked him what he was doing.

The old man smiled slyly.

"Why," he said in a triumphant whisper, "they bak't some sponge biscuits against mow funeral an' hid 'em in the cupboard, but they don't know as I've found 'em, and"—with a senile chuckle of delight—"when I be gone an' they come to fuke for 'em they won't rafnd none on 'em left!"

Two Sweeping Exceptions.

He—You know, they say a woman can't keep a secret. She—That's a libel. A woman can keep a secret as easily as a man can—all but two kinds. There are secrets that aren't worth keeping and others that are too good to keep.

At Least.

He—Then you will elope with me, darling? She—Y-yes, dearest—but, oh, George, couldn't we at least send out cards announcing that?—Smart Set.

MAN EATERS IN INDIA.

The Sort of Tigers That Hunt For Human Game.

The "man eater" is the jungle nightmare of India, and numerous are the theories to account for its abnormal appetite. Commonly it is said to be an old tiger which has found game too difficult to bring down, or a sickly tiger which has resorted to man killing in its weakness as the easier method. The consensus of opinion among experienced hunters and observers is, however, that a man eater is an excellent killer which in conflict with herders, who are often quite brave in defense of their cattle, has discovered how much less work it is to kill a man than cattle, for the cattle killer is usually fat and lazy. Nothing has been found so far as I have discovered, to suggest appetite for human flesh as the impelling motive, in that man eaters reject all flesh not human, of that the cubs of a man killing tigress bite at the meat killing proper-ly. Rather is it a case of contempt for man kind's familiarity, and more often the first lays hold of the tigress, very likely because in foraging for her cubs (as she does until they begin to hunt for themselves at seven months) and in their sickness she has come more frequently in contact with man, or it may be because the female is more numerous than the male or because by nature the slyer and more vicious.—Exchange.

WILD DOGS OF ASIA.

Fierce Animals That Pursue and Kill Bears and Tigers.

The quality of courage possessed by hunting dogs of Asia appears in a marked difference of habit from that noticeable in all other carnivorous beasts. As a rule, each ferocious animal has its natural and favorite prey, which may vary in different localities, but is in each case the easiest and most profitable victim. Tigers, for instance, are cattle slayers or deer killers, just as cattle or deer happen to be most abundant in their district.

Leopards prey on goats, sheep and, when they can get them, on tame dogs; wolves go in packs and cattle, steers or rabbits and hares and weasels or rats and mice, each, being the favorites which they visit at their defenseless mercy. The wolf also does not limit his attacks to these. The packs frequently pursue and drive the black and brown bears to their dens, and the tigers, afforded perhaps the only instance in which one of the cat species clothes-ately sets itself to hunt down its de-stroy animal. Upon their purity, the unfinished subject of the jungles which they haunt and their habit of hunting at night—which is a probable suggestion makes the basis of the early legends of the demon hunter and "hellequin" of a time when the real dogs" still remained in Europe—observations of their habits are rare.—London Spectator.

GETTING OUT OF BED.

Take Your Time About It and Don't Shock Your System.

Don't jump up the first thing your eyes are open. Remember that while you sleep the vital organs are at rest. The vitality is lowered and the circulation not so strong. A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to these organs, especially to the heart, as it starts to pumping blood suddenly.

Take your time to getting up. Yawn and stretch; wake up slowly; give the vital organs a chance to resume their work gradually.

Notice how a baby wakes up. It stretches its arms and legs, rubs its eyes and yawns and wakes up slowly. Watch a kitten wake up. First it stretches out one leg, then another, rubs its face, rolls over and stretches the whole body. The birds do not wake up and fly as soon as their eyes are open. They shake out their wings and stretch their legs, waking up slowly. This is the natural way to wake up. Don't jump up suddenly, don't be in such a hurry, but stretch and yawn and yawn and stretch. Stretch the arms and the legs, stretch the whole body. A good yawn and stretch is better than a cold bath. It will get you thoroughly awake, and then you will enjoy the bath all the more.—Medical Talk.

Collar as a Verb.

The verb "collar" has long been used transitively, meaning to "seize or take hold of a person by the collar; more loosely, to capture." The verb was thus employed early in the seventeenth century. Steele, in the Guardian, No. 84, wrote, "If you advised him not to collar any man." Other instances are: Gentleman's Magazine, 1762, "His lordship collared the footman who threw it," and Marryat's sentence in "Peter Simple," "He was collared by two French soldiers."

The Loquacious Englishman.

The English seem to recognize and enjoy their reputation for stolidity and taciturnity. The London Globe quotes an American asking a waiter in a restaurant:

"Doesn't any one ever laugh here?"

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter. "Sometimes we have complaints about it."

An Eternal Puzzle.

"Is my hat on straight?" she asked him.

He looked at her headgear in dumb amazement.

"I dunno," he answered. "When it's straight it looks crooked, and when it's crooked it looks straight."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Agony.

The Butler—Hand hevery night at the hour of midnight the ghost happears and groans and wrings its hands. Tourist—Ah, must have died in the encumber season.—London Tit-Bits.

BILLY BOY, MATCHMAKER

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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"Pretty! It is profane to call her merely pretty," Wheaton said, staring covertly at Helen Marr. "She is well named," he went on. "Can't you fancy her's the

"Face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"

"No," Norris answered with a laughing shake of the head. "Remember, I'm neither artist nor painter, nor even Bohemian—merely a village landlord, whose chief concern is to keep afloat with his tenants, and, next to that, to see pretty girls, even very pretty girls, every day in the week."

"If you call her pretty, I repeat, your case is hopeless," Wheaton persisted. This time he spoke very low, but not so low as to escape Helen's ear. She was coming toward them on her dapple pony, her hat hanging at the back of her head and a sheaf of wild roses in the hollow of her arm. The pink of the roses was deepening in her cheeks, and she would have ridden past with the slightest inclination of the head but that Billy Boy, spoiled beast, was of another mind. He whinnied joyously to Norris, and when he got abreast of that gentleman planted his four legs, obstinately refusing to budge, his whim-by changing to a plaintive whicker of protest.

"I see Billy Boy is constant—not proud and haughty like his mistress. He does not ignore his friends if he does happen to find them in bad company," Norris said, stooping to the pony's head and letting him nuzzle a sugar lump out of his pocket.

Norris tried to talk with his usual banterish friendliness, but not successfully. He wished, indeed, Billy Boy had been less his constant friend, since he did not want to present Wheaton to Billy Boy's mistress. However, there was no help for it—it served him right for spoiling the evening—as if there were mitigating circumstances to the spoiling.

The Marr paddock adjoined his own, and while holding converse with Billy Boy across the fence of it, giving him bread, sugar or sweet apples, he needed no excuse for likewise holding converse with Miss Helen. She was shy of him when they met socially, for though Norris would have scrupled to admit it, he was the catch of the village, much courted by the eager and rather let alone by the self respecting. But out there in the paddock, under the Norris apple tree, Helen's chief diversion, as well as the rules she took about the red roads and the shady lanes which led from the village into the deep country.

Wheaton was not a bad sort, but he was a city man and Norris more than suspected a trifler, making love to every very pretty or very piquant face he encountered. He was, moreover, disgustingly good to look at. Thus Norris contrasted mentally Wheaton's supple elegance with his own burly strength. Wheaton played at being an artist, chiefly by way of diversion. He had just enough money to keep himself in luxurious idleness and no will whatever to increase the sum of it or divide the spending. Norris knew all that; therefore he angled lily, mainly at himself, while Wheaton talked to Helen, the while coaxing Billy Boy to stand obstinately still by giving him tufts of tender roadside grass. It was playfully done, so playfully Helen did not in the least see through it.

She got over her shyness very quickly and talked brightly to Wheaton, giving him now and again dazzling smiles. It took her all aback to have Norris at the end of fifteen minutes jerk Billy Boy's bridle sharply and send him cantering homeward with a sharp slap on the rump.

As the pony cantered Helen wondered what she had done to displease Norris. He had looked gloomier and older than she ever had seen him and had growled in answer to the goodby she had thrown to him over her shoulder.

Before the week end she had ceased to think of Norris or Billy Boy or anything, indeed, save and except Wheaton. They had ridden through the long summer mornings together and spent the silver moonlit evenings strolling about the village, never getting beyond half or the range of friendly household lights. Helen went bare-headed; Wheaton insisted upon it. He insisted, too, that he must paint her—not in the heat of the summer, but when he came back in the fall. He was coming, of course. He had not dreamed that his own country held such beauties as the region round about had disclosed. Possibly he would settle down there and make himself famous by perpetuating the charm of its grassed roadsides, its towering hills, the silver of its brooks and the soft, illimitable purples—forgetting, maybe, its big fields.

Helen listened as one enchanted. She was just sixteen, a wistful, as yet half fledged dove and full of tenderness and the worship of romance. Wheaton seemed to her a creature apart, a denizen of another world, one in which she herself belonged of right, although she would not doubt be the simplest, the humblest, there. His tales of the city, of the studios, the cafés, the sparkle and foam of existence, fascinated her as nothing else had ever done, not even the old Chronicles, which heretofore had served her instead of fairy tales.

Wheaton really talked well, but then Helen's listening was in itself inspiration. Add that he was as much in love as his temperament admitted, and it is easy to understand how he seemed to her. He did not look forward [illegible] at anything except [illegible] and the happiness of it. Helen [illegible] and in a month's time [illegible] in Carmel Park. What would [illegible] he never asked in the charming, [illegible] a shadow of how it might end.

He did not even see what it all meant to Norris, good old Norris, who was too staid and phlegmatic ever to know the real meaning of life. He loved to make Helen talk of him. By her stories Norris had been to her a sort of combined knight errant and fairy godfather. There was no hint of romance in them, for all she had colored so beautifully and flung up her head in telling of the traps and pitfalls the village had set for him. It was plain she knew Norris to be a prize of the chase—matrimonial. Perhaps that was why Wheaton felt moved to ask one day as they sat under the big apple tree at the edge of the paddock:

"Little Helen, why don't you save Norris from his pursuers? You could do it, you know—by taking him yourself."

"Thank you. That's just what I've been wanting to ask this last two years," Norris said, vaulting over the fence, in whose ambush he had come upon them unseen. "Will you take me, Helen?" he went on, heedless of Wheaton's presence. Helen gave a little cry and hid her face in her hands.

She had risen. Wheaton also stood up. Both men towered above her, looking defiantly into each other's eyes.

"Will you take me, little girl?" Norris repeated, catching her hand and laying it against his cheek. He felt it tremble delicately before Helen snatched it away. She looked up at him almost piteously, then turned to Wheaton.

Wheaton's face was a battlefield. All at once he was discovering that he did not know all of himself. Under the dilettante the germ of better there was another. Somewhat primal, self, with somewhat also of primal forces. And this fellow was wild for sterling at Norris' throat, to rend and strangle him. And, having rent him, fling away the prize. Yet with the other half of him Wheaton knew that if he had but heard of rather than known Norris' [illegible] making [illegible] he would have [illegible] of it as a good [illegible] otherwise [illegible].

This other man's [illegible] shamed it only for the [illegible] the love light playing in it kept [illegible] eyes. She was [illegible] the first horror break [illegible] once [illegible] pleasant. That would be the end should he be mad enough to marry her. He would free of her, of any woman. But, oh, the cringe at the thought of her maiden or widow! He shut his teeth on it and took both her hands—slim hands, hanging helplessly at her sides. He wanted to clasp and kiss them and lay them against his breast, but even in his flier akin to manliness made him instead hold them firmly as one might hold those of a frightened child while he said huskily:

"The fact is, little Helen, I'm going away, straight abroad, to stay to come back. Won't you let me think of you as—happy Helen Norris?"

"Why think of me at all?" Helen began proudly.

Billy Boy interrupted her—Billy Boy, who felt he must be in everything. He came between her and Wheaton and gently crowded her toward his favorite Norris, then, whirling about, kicked Wheaton heels over head.

Thus a tense moment became filled with comedy. Thus also Helen found out that laughter is balm for lovesickness. Who could be sentimental over a lover sent sprawling to grass? Not Helen, certainly.

By this token she married Norris before the new year came.

The God of Fortune.

The Chinese deity of fortune is always represented as a jolly god, and the rich votive offerings which cover his altars are speaking testimonials to his popularity. On the 2d of the second month a special festival is held in his honor, on which occasion his temples are crowded with worshipers, who manifest a devoutness which is strangely wanting in the services offered to the less material deities.

Feasts of fat things are greedily presented to secure his favor, and, not content with leaving the lots on the knees of the god, his practical minded worshipers seek to lift the veil which conceals his counsels from mankind. For this purpose they adopt a curious device.

In some open space or market square a large wooden cannon loaded with a small charge of powder and a circular rattan wind is fired perpendicularly into the air. As the wad descends the surrounding crowd struggle to catch it. In the belief that he who is successful will enjoy the blessings of peace and plenty during the ensuing year.

True Art.

John Ruskin said that in matters of criticism one should never come to particulars, for authors are apt to come down upon you with "authorities," there being an authority for almost every absurdity that can be committed, either in literary or practical matters. In a letter to a college friend Ruskin wrote: "The object in all art is not to inform, but to suggest; not to add to the knowledge, but to kindle the imagination. He is the best poet who can by the fewest words touch the greatest number of secret chords of thought in his reader's own mind and set them to work in their own way. To put plain text into rhyme and meter is easy; not so to write a passage which every time it is remembered shall suggest a new train of thought, a new subject of delightful dream. It is this mystic secrecy of beauty which is the seal of the highest art, which only opens itself to close observation and long study."

THE GRAND CANYON.

Its Bewildering Tremble of Form and Riot of Color.

An artist who loved the wilderness took his bride to the head of the Bright Angel trail. It was night when they came to their journey's end, and the man persuaded the woman not to look upon the grand canyon until morning. When the sun was high he blindfolded her and led her out of the log hotel that stood upon the brink of the precipice to a point of rock that overhangs the abyss. For two days and nights they had been riding through the desert, flat and gray, with blue mountains flicking in and out of the horizon, with a few jarring crevasses and buttes and bluffs to emphasize the tranquillity of the scene. The desert, with its somber serenity, had charmed her soul and left it in a dim repose. As she stood blindfolded she could think of nothing but the great level stretches of sand and sage and cactus. The man had told the woman little of the canyon, and when he took the bandage from her eyes he held her very tightly as she looked out across the miles and miles of tumult of form and riot of color that seemed to swirl thousands of feet below her and around her. As from the clouds, she looked down into an illimitable red tinged, ash colored hell, abandoned and turned to stone eons and eons ago. She stared, amazed at the awful thing, for a long minute, and then, as the tears of inexplicable emotion dimmed her eyes, she turned and cried vehemently at her artist husband:

"If you ever try to paint that, I'll leave you!"—William Allen White in McClure's.

DUN OF THE OLDEN TIME.

A Style of Courtesy Not Cultivated In These Days.

It is often remarked that with the forefathers courtesy was a studied art that recent generations do not have time to cultivate. This is illustrated in the following letter:

Whites Town, June 16, 1798.

Honored Sir—A few months ago you did me the honor to become my debtor for the purchase of goods at my store, amounting to 12 dollars and 45 pence. I have no doubt that a small transaction of this nature may have slipped your mind, and I trust you will pardon and excuse me for mentioning it to your upon this occasion. If you could find it convenient to forward it by safe hands the same would be greatly appreciated, for I am in expectation of the receipt of some tubs barrels of extra fine rum for which I shall owe the consignor a part of the purchase price, and which I desire to pay at the earliest convenience. If you should not find it convenient to forward the same, take no thought of what I have written until the most convenient time to come this way, when you may quit the indebtedness to your own time.

I should be pleased at any occasion to receive a visit from you, and should you be in need of ram, axes, log chains or some very heavy tools for self or servants, I should be pleased to sell them to you. Yr ob't servant,

WM. GREEN.

Mr. Green had a small supply depot near Oriskany creek, and his polite and apologetic dunning letter (so different from the "Please remit at once" of the present day) was sent to a man named Doxtader, who resided down the Mohawk valley somewhere near Fort Plain.

The Dog's Sleep.

Dogs, which are at once the drowsiest and most wakeful of domestic animals, according to their state of mind and circumstances, seem to sleep lightly or heavily at will. Nothing can be more slow, reluctant and leisurely than the enforced waking of a petted dog when it does not wish to be disturbed. It will remain deaf to a cat, twitch its feet if tickled, but not unclose its eyes, and finally stretch and yawn like a sleepy child. But mention something interesting to the same dog when sleeping, such as the word "walk," or click the lock of a gun, and it is on its feet in an instant and ready for enterprise.—London Spectator.

Chinese Made the First Paper.

Like a good many other modern industries, that of paper making had its origin with the Chinese. The papyrus of the Greeks and Romans was not paper at all, but simply the pith of the stem of a plant cut into strips, placed side by side and across each other and pressed into a sheet, to which the natural gum of the plant gave a homogeneous character. But the Chinese in very early times made as genuine paper, in its general characteristics, as that produced by the perfected methods and machinery of today.—William R. Stewart in Technical World Magazine.

The Flower Man in Japan.

In Japan when you furnish your house you send for the flower man, who comes and decorates your home with plants. This is always done as a matter of health. The flower man brings his palms, his dwarf trees, his flowering shrubs and his great spreading oriental flowers and bestows them about the house. If any one is ill he selects the flowers carefully, taking care to get a certain kind of scent, for there are people to whom scents act as a quieter.

Revenge.

Wool—How do you like your new lodging?

Van Pelt—All right, except that the man across the hall is learning to play the flute.

Wool—You ought to get an accordion.

Van Pelt—I did; that's why he got the flute.

One on Him—And Her.

Mrs. Bleachblond—I found this black hair on your coat. What does it mean? Mr. Bleachblond—Why, that is my last season's coat. Your hair was black then, you know.—Smart Set.

Fame to the ambitious is like salt water to the thirsty—the more one gets the more one wants.—Ebers.

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MEN OF MUSCLE.

Monarchs Who Performed Some Wonderful Feats of Strength.

Augustus the Strong of Saxony in his playful moods would seize a couple of courtiers, one in each hand, and hold them out at arm's length. He would twist stout iron bars around their necks for collars and straighten horseshoes with a wrench of his muscular fingers, while on one occasion, when the horse of one of his attendants refused to budge, he put his herculean shoulders under it and walked away with horse and rider together.

George Castriot, prince of Albania, wielded such a powerful sword that he could sever a bull's head at a single stroke, while once, for a wager, he walked off with ten of his courtiers standing on a platform. Charlemagne, who was reputed to be the strongest man of his time, was able to snap the strongest horseshoe between the fingers of one hand, and Don Sebastian merely by the pressure of his knees could make his charger groan with pain.

Peter the Great of Russia so developed and hardened his naturally strong muscles by years of work as a blacksmith and a carpenter that he became the strongest man in his dominions. He had but one formidable rival in a country blacksmith, whose boast it was that he was the only man in Russia who could lift an anvil from the ground.

When this boast came to the ears of Peter he set out incognito with a single companion and challenged the blacksmith to a trial of strength. Without a word the latter seized his gigantic anvil with both hands and, straining his mighty muscles almost to bursting point, raised it a foot from the ground. When Peter's turn came he, too, raised the anvil higher and higher until, to his rival's consternation, he placed it on his shoulder and walked out of the smithy with it. So startled was the blacksmith by this exhibition of strength that he rushed away to summon the villagers to "come and see the evil one, who had run away with his anvil."

Peter had a worthy successor in Alexander III., father of the present czar, whose phenomenal strength earned for him the title of the "Russian Samson." Amazing stories are told of Alexander's muscular powers—how he could burst open the stoutest barred doors by a push of his great shoulders, crumple up coins in his hand as if they were leather instead of tough metal, snap iron bars across his knees, tear a whole pack of cards in two and with a few movements of his powerful hands convert a pewter tankard into a bouquet holder.

Nor must we forget that Amazonian queen of Poland, Cymburga, who used to crack nuts with her fingers, and when she was training her fruit trees would hammer the nails into the wall with her clinched fist.

The Meanest Man.

A well to do Chicago real estate owner went into a hardware store in that city and asked the proprietor for a pound of nails. The small package was made up and the price, a nickel, handed to the merchant, when the customer asked if the purchase could be sent to his house, which was in a distant part of the city. The merchant assented and, calling an errand boy, handed him the parcel, with the nickel he had just received for it, and said:

"Here, Johnny, take the car and take this parcel out to Mr. Blank's house."

"What!" said the customer. "Are you going to give the boy the nickel to take the parcel out?"

"Why, certainly," said the merchant. "I wouldn't think of asking him to walk so far."

"Well," said the meanest man in Chicago, "if you would just as soon give me the 5 cents I will take it out myself!"—Minneapolis Journal.

Chemists' Odd Jobs.

"Mankind is suspicious," said a chemist of the board of health. "Only last week a wealthy clergyman sent me a piece of pie for analysis. He suspected that his daughter, a beautiful and good girl, wanted to put him out of the way. The pie contained, of course, none but the usual ingredients.

"Some people send me pickles, sauces, plackings—profitable and widely advertised compositions that they want to learn how to duplicate and vend themselves.

"There isn't a well known patent medicine that hasn't been submitted to me for analysis twenty or thirty times."—New York Press.

Ready For the Cholera.

Some years ago there was an outbreak of cholera in France, and instructions were forwarded to the mayor of a certain village to take all necessary precautions, as the epidemic was rapidly spreading. At first the worthy magistrate did not know what to do. After awhile, however, he reported that he was ready to receive the dread visitor. Upon inquiry being made it was discovered that by his orders a sufficient number of graves had been dug in the local cemetery to bury the entire parish if required.

Followed Orders.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Jackson. "What a stupid fellow that jeweler is!"

"How so?" inquired his friend.

"Why, I told him the other day that I wanted engraved on the engagement ring the letters 'From A. to Z.'—'From Arthur to Zenobia,' you know—and the idiot went and put in the whole alphabet!"

Sure to Fetch Him.

Husband—I have a horror of being buried alive, Jane! Wife—Don't worry. Before you've been dead an hour I'll buy a $40 hat, and if you are alive you'll kick.—Judge.

Good Reason.

"Do you owe Bilker money?"

"No."

"Why do you avoid meeting him?"

"Don't want him to owe me money."—Cleveland Leader.

The Right Ring.

Mr. Gusher—Darling! You refuse me a kiss? Has not my avowal the ring of true love about it? Miss Cute—Yes, dear, but my finger hasn't.

THE MOOR'S PLEDGE.

A Point of Honor Religiously Observed by Arabs and Saracens.

A Spanish cavalier in a sudden quarrel slew a Moorish gentleman and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him, for he had unperceived thrown himself over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed by the Spaniard on his knees, who acquainted him with his case and implored concealment. "Eat this," said the Moor, "You know that you may confide in my protection." He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him that as soon as it was night he would provide for his escape to a place of safety.

The Moor then went to his house, where he had just seated himself, when a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the corpse of his son, who had just been killed by the Spaniard. When the first shock of surprise was a little over he learned from the description given that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one, but as soon as it was dark retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then, accosting the Spaniard, he said: "Christian, the person you have killed is my son. His body is now in my house. You ought to suffer, but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith, which must not be broken." He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stables and mounted him on one of his fleetest horses and said:

"Fly far while the night can cover you. You will be safe in the morning. You are indeed guilty of my son's blood, but God is just and good, and I think him I am innocent of yours and that my faith given is preserved!" His point of honor is, it is said, most religiously observed by the Arabs and Saracens, from whom it was adopted by the Moors of Africa and by them was brought into Spain.

The Pleiades.

Those that keep the Pleiades have been used to mark the days from the most remote periods. T. W. Fewkes, describing the fire ceremonies of the Pueblo Indians of Tusayan, said that, having been present on two such occasions in 1892 and 1893, he found that the error of time made by the Indians as to the 11th of November in those two years was insignificant. It was the culmination of the Pleiades which told the Indians the proper time for the beginning of their rites.

Disguised Blessing.

Scroggs—Henpeck told me that he regarded the toothache as one of the greatest of temporal blessings. Baggs—What an incomprehensible idea! Scroggs—Yes, he said it made him forget his other troubles.

Balloonists say that birds' flight is limited to 1,315 feet above the surface of the earth.

Nailing the Ghost.

An extraordinary instance of rustic superstition has been brought to light in a Hungarian village. Owing to similar rumors as to the cause of death the authorities had the body of a peasant exhumed and were horrified to find the hands and feet nailed down to the coffin, while a long nail had also been driven through the heart. An inquiry was at once held, with the result that an old woman confessed that the act had been perpetrated under her directions. The man had died a sudden death, and, there being a superstition in Hungary that persons dying under such circumstances haunt the house in which they die, the further superstition has grown up that postmortem reappearances can be prevented by nailing the body in its coffin. The old woman further admitted having done the same thing in all similar cases for many years.—London Globe.

The "Winter Excursion Book."

Just issued by the passenger department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, is one of the finest resort books ever gotten out by any railroad company. It is a comprehensive manual of the leading winter resorts of the entire United States, containing one hundred and sixty-eight pages of interesting reading matter, and profusely illustrated with half-tone engravings. One may obtain full information in reference to wintering places, routes and rates thereto. The book is bound in an artistic cover, chaste in design and harmonious in color. This valuable work may be obtained free of charge at the principal ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, or will be sent, postpaid, upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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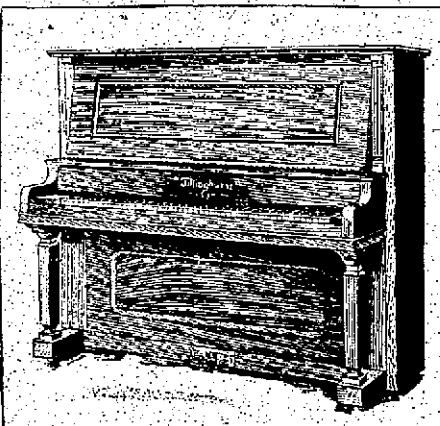

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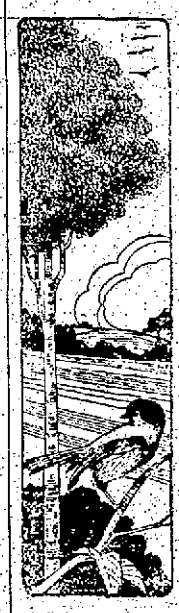

A Penny for Your Thoughts.
might be too cheap. If your plumbing is busted you might not like us to know the words you're thinking for a handful of pennies.
We are A 1 Plumbing Doctors
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CAPITAL - - - $200,000.00
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to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.
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License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the application of Maurice S. Geary, now a resident of Mt. Alton, McKean county, Penna., occupation travelling salesman, for the transfer of the retail liquor license granted to Daniel Bacon, May 8, 1905, to sell vinous, spirituous, malt and brewed liquors in quantities not exceeding one quart, at the "Hotel Imperial" in the borough of Smethport, McKean county, Pa., will be heard by the Honorable Joseph W. Bouton at chambers in the Court House in the borough of Smethport on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock a. m.
THOMAS K. MORRISON, Attorney for M. S. Geary.

Professional Cards

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

F. E. Kenyon,
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Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

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LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

A. E. Mayo,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. E. Mayo, notary public.

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E. R. Sherman,
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Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
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John Cook, M. D.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

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Robert Hamilton, M. D., C. M.
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Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

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This hotel has recently been [illegible] and refurnished. The table and [illegible] is constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class [illegible] Rates reasonable.

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[illegible] street, Smethport, Pa.
Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
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